

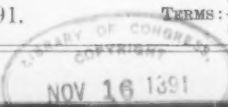
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

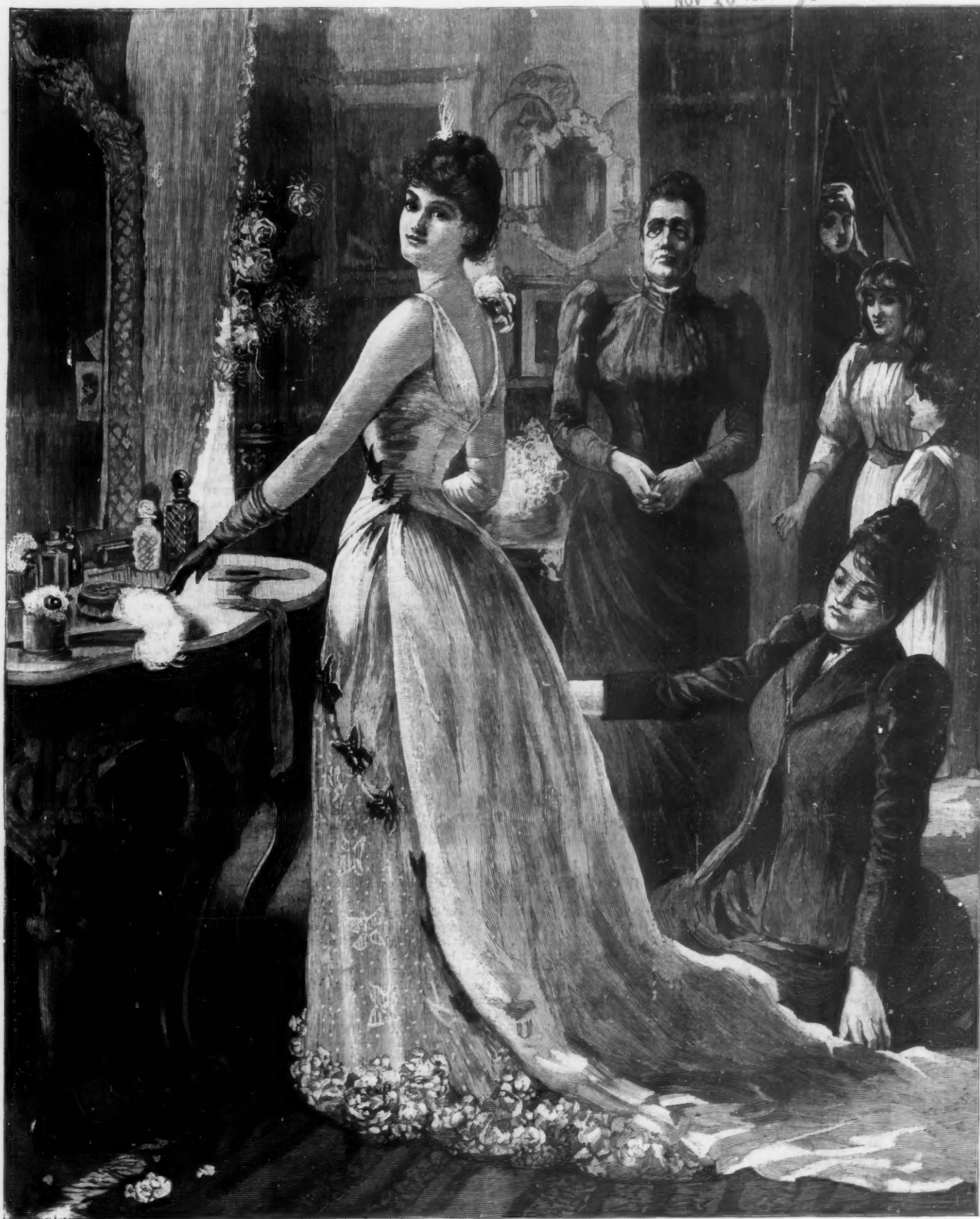
Vol. VIII.—No. 5.
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1891.

TERMS: \$5.00 per Year, payable \$1.00 first payment
balance \$1.00 per month, including Library.



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THE WEEK.

November 17—Queen Charlotte of Great Britain died—1818.
" 18—Ember Day.
" 19—The Man in the Iron Mask died—1703.
" 20—Tom Hood, author of "The Song of the Shirt," died—1874.
" 21—Emperor Frederick, of Germany, born—1840.
" 22—Burnside summons Fredericksburg to surrender—1862.
" 23—McClellan named for President—1862.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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ONCE A WEEK is open to receive drawings, photos, and news articles from all parts of the Continent. Any drawing, photograph, or article accepted, shall be liberally paid for. Postage stamps should be sent to cover re-mailing of unsuitable matter.

CLOUDS OVER EUROPE.

PERHAPS the ablest and best informed writer of the present day on Old World politics is "Kurios," who contributes an exhaustive article on the subject to the October number of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. This writer is certainly very close to official sources of information, if he is not actually a member of the SALISBURY Ministry. The article is written with the special purpose of ascertaining how far British interests are affected by recent changes in European and Asiatic affairs. Any marauding interference with the peaceful progress of European nations is detrimental to British interests; and "Kurios" has come to the conclusion that Emperor WILLIAM is at present the leader of the force of special constables who stand ready in Central Europe to arrest, or, if need be, to strike down any willful disturbers of the public peace. In place of BISMARCK, who was an enemy to British interests, Germany has now an Emperor and a foreign policy friendly to them.

Speaking of Russia, the course of events there is more likely to influence the history of Europe than any other causes.

If the autocratic system can be maintained under a succession of Czars of earnest and patriotic disposition, the influence of modern communications, the concentration of population and interchange of thought attendant on the development of important industries, and the constant contact with Western civilization, must produce a steady progress which will finally make Russia well-nigh irresistible. But if, on the other hand, as is more probable, the growth of discontent, taking an active form under the same progressive influences, breaks down the autocratic system, then we shall behold a chaos to which no parallel can be found. The condition of the country is such that it is impossible to predict what may happen, if the harvest should again prove a failure in 1892. France, in the maddest days of the great Revolution, presented a picture of orderly self-control compared with what we may certainly expect to see, should the Czar's Government be overthrown by a popular movement.

The Russian Government itself, the constancy of whose policy constitutes its chief strength, has of course not relinquished its aims in Asia, but continues to move on as steadily as circumstances and prudence will per-

mit. In this direction the signs of danger are greater than ever before. In Trans-Caspia all the superior authorities have been removed by the Czar.

The most important result of these changes is the nomination of General KOUROPATKIN, as Governor-General of Trans-Caspia, in place of General ROSEN-BACH. KOUROPATKIN is a man of a different stamp from all his predecessors. He is at once calculating, daring, and possessed of very superior military talents; and his report on Kashgar, which has been translated into English, marks him out as a man who has thoroughly mastered all the difficult complications of Central Asian policy. His successful march across the desert from Turkistan, to join the Russian column advancing on Geok Tepe, was probably the most remarkable feat ever performed by Russian arms in Asia, though SKOBELEFF's extraordinary jealousy concealed its importance at the time. It is quite certain that KOUROPATKIN will at least cause the British Indian Government much anxiety, even if he does not manage to entangle his own Government in difficulties necessitating, in their opinion, a recourse to arms. Already his agents are actively at work in Afghanistan trying to corrupt the Ameer's provincial governors, and at the same time we learn that a branch of the Trans-Caspian railway is immediately to be constructed towards the junction of the Russian, Persian, and Afghan frontiers, whilst military stores are being collected and preparations continued for an eventual advance on Herat or Meshed, as circumstances may direct.

In Turkey, the recent dismissal of the Grand Vizier, KIAMIL Pasha, is considered as a Franco-Russian triumph, for his sentiments are known to be anti-Russian and favorable towards England and the Triple Alliance. His dismissal is undoubtedly a misfortune—for British interests, and the general position in Turkey cannot be viewed with satisfaction by British statesmen. Just now the Sultan's chief anxiety is with regard to English designs on the integrity of his empire. The solid fact of the continued occupation of Egypt is ever before his mind, and is likely to be kept well forward by Russian and French diplomatists, as well as by those who hope for profitable employment as Turkish officials in Egypt, if an end can be put to the British control.

The question of the Straits has become very urgent; and had it not been for the reluctance to risk provoking a crisis, felt by the Powers interested in checking Russian designs, it would have been seriously taken up long ago. The Russians have scarcely allowed a fortnight to pass this summer without sending troops or a war-ship through the Straits. Sometimes they have omitted to ask permission; and then, when stopped, they have argued that troops are not troops, either because they are recruits, or reserve men, or unarmed; and they maintain that cruisers are not men-of-war, or offer equally frivolous excuses. Sometimes they appeal to the politeness of the Turks to allow a man-of-war to bring the sick Grand Duke GEORGE of Greece home to his anxious parents, or to their good-nature, to permit new ships constructed abroad to reach their destination in the Black Sea. The Turks find no support in resistance, and have, so far, yielded with as good grace as possible; but they have thoroughly understood that Russia is aiming at something much more dangerous than the mere right to carry troops and stores to Vladivostok, in the cruisers of the so-called Volunteer fleet.

There is every reason to believe that if a Russian fleet be allowed to enter the Bosphorus, unopposed by the fleets of England and the Triple Alliance, the Sultan will, within twenty-four hours of its appearance, have definitively accepted the position of a vassal of Russia. The fear of dangerous agitation among his own subjects, in the event of unsuccessful resistance, will prove a more powerful motive of action than the mortification involved in submission without a struggle.

From facts officially gathered, and from considerations of the general situation, "Kurios" is led to the conclusion that were a European war to be confined to a struggle between the forces of France and Russia on one side, against the allied armies of Germany and Austria on the other, the Central European alliance would defeat their adversaries, though victory might not be secured without great effort and sacrifice. It is his opinion that if Italy joined the Central Powers, as by treaty she is bound to do, the combined forces of the Triple Alliance would be irresistible. The full fighting strength of the five powers in question is given as follows: Germany, 3,000,000; Austria, 2,300,000; Italy, 2,300,000; France, 2,800,000, and Russia, 2,300,000, exclusive of the "opolchenie," which, according to "Kurios," lacks the organization and armament necessary to render it an effective fighting force. Estimating the "opolchenie" at a million soldiers who would simply "stop a bullet," the two vast armies stand: Triple Alliance, 7,600,000; France and Russia, 6,100,000.

No general European war could last long without directly affecting England's interests, either as regards the security of the shortest route to India by the Mediterranean, or the protection of her trade with Roumania, Bulgaria, Asia Minor, and also Persia. A Russian occupation of Constantinople might arise out of war with Austria, and such an event would at once threaten the Suez Canal route to India. It would also cut off

all trade communications with the Danube and the Bulgarian Black Sea coast, and deprive England both of her trade with Asia Minor and of that with Persia by the Trebizond route.

The most serious event for England, however, would be a Russian attack on her Indian empire at a time when peace prevailed in Europe, and when her alleged "natural" European allies might hesitate to bring the calamity of war to their own doors for the sake of a question in which they have no direct interest. Such an attack is possible, and England must be prepared to face it. In the present condition of Persia, little or no assistance can be expected from that quarter, and no reliance can be placed on China. Defensive preparations in India are now somewhat advanced, but not sufficient to keep the Russians at bay on the northwest frontier, against which their attack must necessarily be directed. But a purely defensive warfare can never succeed, particularly in the East. A counter-attack is necessary, and the question of the means of delivering it leads "Kurios" once more to turn his keen and wistful glance towards Turkey.

In conclusion he uses these somewhat alarming words: "Should circumstances render an offensive movement against Russia necessary, the Turks, if aided by British resources and organization, are in a position to deliver an effective blow. England's interest is, therefore, to maintain, if possible, such relations with Turkey as shall prepare her rulers to seize any offered opportunity of strengthening themselves, by joining hands with us against Russia. Unless our diplomacy can obtain more influence at Constantinople than has lately been manifest, we cannot be sure that they will befriend us. This question can only be decided when the time comes—and we trust that it will be decided in our favor, by the timely and energetic action of a British admiral. If, however, short-sighted policy, want of determination at home, or other causes, deprive us of the assistance of Turkey, this need not alter the final result of the war. The struggle would be prolonged, and its cost increased; but as long as the Indian frontier were safe, Russia could not get at England to damage her, whilst England could always damage Russia in more than one quarter. The resources of the British empire are inexhaustible as compared with those of Russia; and by means of those resources, wielded with courage and patriotism, Russia would, if necessary, be surely brought to her knees, though it cost life and treasure in more than one hard-fought campaign to crush so powerful a foe.

"Europe has recently been excited by a reported British occupation of Mitylene, or of a small adjacent island. We think it a matter for congratulation that the report was circulated, as it has probably furnished a useful hint, to both Turks and Russians, of the ease with which England can take steps to protect her interests at the Dardanelles. At the same time we would point out that the mere occupation of an island would not suffice to dispense with the expensive necessity of augmenting our Mediterranean fleet, if Russian war-ships were allowed free passage through the Straits. When the Russian armies were at San Stefano, their progress was effectually arrested by what practically amounted to a British occupation of Gallipoli, and this first step was promptly followed by the appearance of the British fleet at Constantinople. It may yet be necessary to repeat these operations."

"ARE FRENCH NOVELS FAITHFUL TO LIFE?"

IF American writers of fiction—the successful, the struggling and the prospective—would read the paper in the November *North American Review*, under the above title, and would earnestly strive to bring its arguments home to themselves, we might yet achieve the triumph of a national fiction worthy of the name. The writer of the trenchant paper referred to is Madame JULIETTE ADAM, a recognized authority on the subject of French literature, and she answers the above question with an emphatic negative.

The first obstacle that prevents French novels from presenting the life and customs of the country in their entirety—and if there are exceptions, they only prove the rule—is that they are all written in Paris, edited in Paris, read in Paris, criticised and classed according to their value at Paris, and that they can attain success only in Paris itself. French literature copies its centralizing tendencies from the system of centralization in politics. But it oversteps and exaggerates the latter: for the political representative elected from any one of the four corners of France goes to the capital with ideas and character already formed and definitely molded by his local surroundings. He is always in touch with his constituents; he returns to them several times a year; has interests in the province; a family there; keeps his local feeling, and generally has a higher position at home than the one he occupies at the Palais Bourbon. Doubtless after their arrival in Paris and several years' sojourn there, these deputies and Senators alike, whose work and whose mission are in attending to the rural and provincial politics, do come under the influence of the centralizing tendency of Paris to some extent; but

they do not allow it to possess them and dominate over them as the young *littérateurs* do. If French novels were written at Marseilles, at Lyons, at Rouen, or at Lille, French novelists would be much better armed against injurious contagion; they would the more easily defend themselves from what doctors call morbid affections, and they would escape the dangers that come from the concentration of intellectual vitality that soon overheats itself—a concentration that is filled with injurious principles. But as it is, the average French novelist is nothing if not intensely Parisian.

When any one discusses the question of the decentralization of the arts in France, they tell him that, for the most part, French novelists are born in the provinces, and that consequently, having been brought up there, they ought to know the country and how to describe it. But that argument requires examination. Take one of the French young novelists who has talent and possesses the qualities of a great man. He is born in some province, but his childhood is passed under the walls of a college, or in a family that is well educated, where he sees only his parents and an occasional friend and comrade. If he has been a laborer all through his youth or has been absorbed in his studies, where would he find leisure for observation? Some things have, from time to time, struck him because of peculiarities in them, particularly from a ridiculous side. Having at last graduated, the ambition presses upon him to leave his village or small town; for he seems to store up only grievances against the life of mediocrity about him and wishes to fly from what "stifles his faculties." Only half-conscious of the deception of his feelings, for his longing is blind and passionate, he encourages himself to take the step that is to make him an exile, that will transplant him from his native soil; but he considers it a deliverance and a liberation. The corner of the world where he first saw day, so dear to so many Frenchmen besides this young genius, has become a horror to him, and gradually he has grown to look upon what should naturally be his friend as an enemy.

No, he can no longer live in the country; better die of hunger or of other miseries. He must go away where tradition says that thought is untrammelled and the horizon broad; in fact, he must go to the great, the only Paris.

This young novelist knows nothing now but Paris—the true Paris—since he does not even know his native province. He only remains there until he has created a sort of relationship with the people, wholly external, however—external appearances put on for the benefit of the stranger who is amusing himself there. He sees vice which is displayed because it is merchandise, and which passes and repasses before him until it has harpooned its victim. Then he takes this vice for his subject. He writes books with the magic of a style which makes his reputation and is supposed to purify it by the absorption of art. Later on, perceiving the insufficiency of his material, and better initiated into the life of what is called the *bout Paris*, he sees what comes to the surface at the capital. When he becomes part of this, he believes that his field for observation is secured for all time in its greater breadth; whereas, in reality, this field does not surpass, either for physical or psychological observation, the fields he might have studied just as well at Rheims, at Angers or at Toulouse.

The complexity—and the love for it—of exceptional phenomena and of anomalies, which reigns master in Parisian society, to which must be added the fear of falling into weariness, and finally the passion for turning everything to amusement, soon takes possession of a writer who has no compass to guide him and no principles founded on classic examples to prevent him from going astray. He becomes incapable of searching out and discovering the simple truth. He is forever liable to unhealthy influences—to the influence of the exceptional in life. His readers, created by himself, follow him and exact from him something they have not read already, and their favorite has no choice but to find it in the untruthful and the inadmissible.

MADAM JULIETTE ADAM takes ground, always maintained in these columns, on the subject of the horrible, ugly, and filthy in fiction. Few among the generality of mankind, says this earnest literary reformer, look for the repulsive or wallow in vice. Wickedness and ugliness, if they were produced in equal quantities with beauty and virtue, would long ago have overrun humanity and society. Dr. SOMBROSO, in his learned studies, shows us the cause of crime and of animal tastes, but by this he proves that it is not the law of our being. Nature, like man, and in general like society, fights against corruption, which she covers with the veil of vegetation, as art should cover with its veil the monstrosities of society. Indeed, it has been established that these monstrosities would occur less frequently if they were not—so to speak—given as an example to those who have an instinct towards evil. How can a novelist who is of the naturalistic school, who is the painter of existing customs as the historian is of past events and the learned scholar of eternal events—how can he choose only that which Nature teaches him is transient, especially when she tries to bury it or transform the filth?

Naturalism—that is to say, the brutal use of ugliness in all its forms, the excessive centralization of

literature which collects all French writers in Paris within a narrow field of observation—has created a profane class of talented authors—one cannot speak of a sacred class in designating naturalism—who have made themselves echoes of each other and have also infested French journalism with their *coterie*. Not having anything to oppose them except powers like those of VICTOR HUGO and FLAUBERT, they have drowned, so far as the general public is concerned, the voice of writers of another sort of ability who still remain faithful to their pen and their art. Some of the French masters still living have sacrificed to the golden calf and called the schism just, but a great current is gradually, little by little, setting aside the literature of the mire, of vice, of drunkenness, of debauchery, and of all that is ignoble. A consummation devoutly to be wished. Things that are neither vile nor tainted are beginning to please the French novel reader; better still, by an implacable logic, idealism made repulsive in man by the naturalists is being sought now in Nature by the symbolists to a great extent. Before long, young writers will turn towards those qualities and passions that really exist among their French brothers, laborers, middle class, nobles, artists; and, instead of exciting the different classes to hold each other in contempt, they will cause them to take the trouble to know and esteem each other so that they may help one another socially, if need be, and that abroad one may judge the French people as they are, not as being all Parisians.

"Misfortune to the vanquished" is a terribly true motto. The conquered often add defeat to defeat; and that is what France has done by a certain phase of literature, since 1870. To-day fortified, thinking of a gradual but necessary decentralization, having regained a consciousness of her material and intellectual resources, France is forcing her novelists to raise her in art as she has been raised in national and international politics. For all of which every lover of France and of clean literature is duly thankful.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

ON reading an article on this subject, by LUCINDA B. CHANDLER, in the November *Arena*, we are reminded that what is known as the "woman's rights" movement has had a distinct and progressive history and a development rather startling to its opponents; and, also, that there are two sides to this much misunderstood or misrepresented agitation. The article is strong and very readable.

The conclusion of the paper is, in substance, that "the woman question involves and forecasts a higher social order, industrial evolution, economic adjustment, moral advancement, and the adoption of the 'New Education,' which will develop and cultivate in harmony all the powers and talents belonging to the threefold nature of humanity." It will be seen from this, that "the woman movement" will probably be slow, it has such weight, and width and diverse working parts. And as it is, and must necessarily be a "slow movement," the assertion might be made that haste, hurry, and sputter are out of place in discussing it. Then let us take our time.

Man, the thoughtless now, was once the cruel; tomorrow he will be the wise, the just—perhaps the submissive. Woman's wrongs will yet seem to him the wrongs that they are. Then, after a brief, a trying ordeal, he will come to see her rights. But he must see her wrongs first. And he must finish seeing them. This is really too bad; but it is "evolution." *Per aspera ad astra*. Wrong always precedes right.

Now this brings us to the point: wrong must not follow "rights," enjoyed even by women. Says LUCINDA B. CHANDLER, speaking of woman: "But first she must be free. Free to think, act, live, study, experiment, exercise judgment, assume and be held to responsibilities. She does not need man's protection except that he shall protect her from himself, i.e., protect her from the invasion and intrusion of his wishes, opinion, and will, his dictation and demand." Most women, it is hoped, believe they are free—even married women. There are model American homes in which the wife enjoys whatever real freedom is mentioned in this extract; but she would be scared out of her wits if she thought she was to lose the protection of her husband. She thinks she needs that protection. Let her think so—a dream, perhaps—an hallucination, no doubt, of her silly mind, come down with her very being from some starless, lightless night long ago, when her lover escorted her home safely from the country-side dance! But let not the dream be dispelled. Such a wife as this would, really, not understand the last sentence of the extract at all.

As for single women: when they are very young they have freedom to grow up under parents' care and watchfulness—all the freedom that is good for them; when they are young—but not very—they have freedom to choose their lovers, with some exceptions; when they are no longer even young they very often assert their freedom to such an extent that some of them try to "get even" with the whole male sex through the press, platform, and stage. In brief, it may with truth be said that single women have all the freedom that they can possibly use in their business.

And here we may note another peculiarity of slow movements—such as the woman's movement. It is easy to be misled as to the situation. Certain things that agitators are clamoring for are right under their noses. We honestly believe that woman, when she wishes and has the tact to do so, can wield her share of political influence without ever casting a ballot. What more is demanded?

While it is true of an occasional woman that "she does not need that men shall instruct her what a woman ought to be, but she needs to be let alone to find out for herself this precious and important knowledge," it is also true that men and women need to instruct one another—and are doing so—living in life partnerships, bearing each other's burdens, sharing losses, breasting the waves of domestic discord and other afflictions—hoping, struggling, and, finally, conquering, because "no surrender" was inscribed on the marriage contract, in the little words, "For better, for worse, until death do us part."

If it is a fact that hitherto "woman has been a cipher at the left-hand side of the unit man in both civil and religious institutions," we are informed by LUCINDA B. CHANDLER that "the evolution of brains, which is Nature's method of human development, has unsettled this standard of civilization and the relation of the sexes." But has woman been such cipher? Is she today? If "the woman who thinks has come, and the struggle is no longer one of muscle, nor can it ever again become so"—as this champion of her sex assures us—if this thinking woman has come, and if she presides over the hearthstones of the United States in the position of mother; if she rules among her classmates and her brothers and sisters by the power of her genius; if suitor and lover come within the sphere of her influence to find her as invincible by reason of the "evolution of brains," no less than by reason of her beauty and other charms—what does this world-conqueror want with a ballot? She does not demand it. She has never demanded it. She is the power behind the throne, and has been such before this, our time. To whatever extent she is not, the "evolution of brains" and the advent of the "woman who thinks" will certainly supply the deficiency. The following assertion, therefore, tells only one-third of the whole truth, for it is true of the recent past and the present as well as of the future: "The woman of the future can no more be remanded to the merely patient plodder in kitchen and nursery, with no horizon but the cook-stove and cradle illuminated by the weekly church service, than the lightning printing-press of to-day can be remanded to the clumsy instrument of a century ago, or the electric light to the tallow dip." It may be said, as comment on this, that no woman is compelled by the system under which we live to stay in kitchen or nursery, and that, even if she had a ballot and the "higher education," poverty might compel her to be glad to have the former! In view of this, HENRY GEORGE'S progress and poverty should form a part of the woman movement, too, should it not?

In hundreds of thousands of American homes the mother is to-day enjoying all the privileges here asked for her, except the ballot and the caucus; she is following the "higher education" in the care, rearing and educating of her children; she is taking care of the "brain-cells and soul-impulses of ante-natal and post-natal infantile life;" her children kneel at her feet not only for blessing, but also for correction and punishment and instruction; her husband calls her mother, and his home would be no home without her, for him; she reads occasionally in the books that idle women write, but oftener in the mysterious book of her own soul which tells her that, given wise mothers, this world is a Matriarchate; she has the care and guardianship of the young treasures of affection, while the bread-winner is abroad, and when these young treasures leave home in after years, they have the fashion, shape and imprint of a mother's wisdom, love and sovereignty; she is a reformer from within; she knows and feels and practically illustrates the great value of woman's influence in social and governmental affairs; she works, while the more showy sister talks; her work is being done so quietly that many agitators think they have been doing it; some say the "evolution of brains" and the advent of the "woman who thinks" have been doing it; the woman behind the throne, in the home circle, and her daughters as well, are the sole, irresistible, but slow, patient and plodding authors and finishers of the woman's movement.

A NEW YORK man asked, through the columns of Colonel COCKERILL'S *Advertiser*, for a nice, new, American name for his new hotel. As so many of our best families live in hotels at present, why not try "Domestic?" That would exclude transients and foreigners—and the bar; and would suit our very best and quietest hotel patronage. As to whether there is any money in this or not, we are non-committal. But the name is elegant.

CHILI is cooling off. It is meet that she should. American sailors must not be slaughtered on Chili streets.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW used these words in his speech introducing Sir EDWIN ARNOLD to a New York audience of four thousand, fairly representing the wealth, the refinement and the brains of the metropolis: "English is the language destined to command the world, and it is even now the one I find most useful to have at hand on my travels. International copyright has cemented the literary interests of the countries and advanced the brotherhood of the world of letters, which will displace the arbitrament of arms in the settlement of international disputes. This country has always extended a hospitable welcome to English lecturers. Some came to us with ideas, and some, alas! did not. But to few of these distinguished men have we given so warm a welcome as to those masters of our own tongue, MATHEW ARNOLD, CANON KINGSLEY, HERBERT SPENCER and CANON FARRAR. The choicest welcome has always been given these creative artists, and no one are we more pleased to welcome from across the seas than the superb master and molder of the English language who is our guest this evening. Then again we have another right to welcome him, for we can claim him as an American by birth on his wife's side. He began life in far-off India as a pedagogue. He became the great editor of a great paper, and in that capacity he was the staunch friend of this Union when we were in the throes of the Rebellion—when friends most were needed. I therefore, ladies and gentlemen, have the honor of introducing to you the guest of the evening, Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, the great poet, a great journalist and a friend of our country." It will be useless, after this classic specimen, to dispute the claim of his friends that CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, besides being a typical American citizen, is an adept in the art of saying a great deal in a few well-chosen words.

THE illustration "The First Shock," on page 9, shows a human being temporarily wrecked, the divine faculty of reason dethroned, a noble nature, perhaps, for the time being bestial than the beast. The sadness of the spectacle is not lessened, to the well-regulated person, by reason of its familiarity: quite the contrary. In itself, this first step on the downward road to self-dishonor and, mayhap, the drunkard's grave, is unutterably mournful. A warm, clean heart, invaded by the uncanny demons of distrust, and unnatural hate and uncleanness; a bright intellect giving utterance to wild thoughts in maudlin speech; the upright carriage changed to the devious, uncertain stagger, and the elastic step to the trailing stumble; eyes watery, weak and leaden, which but a moment before were full of the fire of intelligence, kindness and strength; countenance simpering, idiotic, grinning, taking the place of the human face with its eloquent play of light and shade—was ever ruin or wreck greater than this? But worse than all—here is a free man bound a slave; the demon of intemperance has now in his clutches, and will hereafter make sport of the affections, intelligence and high natural gifts of a man meant to be free, and noble and righteous. Has he family ties? The loved ones will suffer—and this unfortunate man does not intend it shall be so! He is no longer his own master. He cannot cherish, nor respect, nor protect the partner of his bosom—the demon bids him nay. His children who love him cannot honor him. It is impossible. And when will all this end? Never! Science—cool, dispassionate discoverer of facts—tells us that the innocent babe will inherit drunkenness from the parent. Forewarned is forearmed.

THE elections for Governor in New York, Ohio, Iowa and Massachusetts, passed off quietly. The Empire State is again Democratic. The Bay State, once Republican, has changed to Democratic. Iowa, once Republican, elects BOIES, Democrat. Ohio calls MCKINLEY, of tariff fame, to the seat to be vacated by CAMPBELL, tariff reformer. From these elections we infer that an old element has re-entered into our politics. It is the element of uncertainty. But the country is safe. Ohio is naturally a Republican State, and the election of MCKINLEY is not a surprise. New York, a Democratic State, must needs elect FLOWER over FASSETT. Massachusetts has re-elected RUSSELL over ALLEN; and though it might some time ago have been classed as naturally a Republican State, a change has come over this State—nothing less than the rise of the young element. This element is composed of some of the native Puritan stock and a new infusion of citizens of foreign extraction. This element has come to stay, in our opinion. But, in Iowa, the change to Democratic at the last gubernatorial election, and the endorsement of that change this year, mean more than the usual change in politics. Iowa, an agricultural State, is perhaps more distinctively American than any State in our Union. She is fast drifting towards independence in politics. This is the ideal for the American State to aim at. Politics aside, we hail with delight the Iowa ideal.

TO FREE the Southeastern States of Europe, is England's first and most important work, if she wishes to place a barrier between Russian aggression and the wealthy British-Indian Empire, and if she wishes to solve the problem of the Eastern question in such a way

as to prevent Turkey and Russia from playing into each other's hands. These Southeastern States are: Greece, Bulgaria, Servia and Albania, in which the Turk is still the master. In Greece we will hear the name of the "Grand Old Man," GLADSTONE, pronounced with benediction as the deliverer of Thessaly. In Bulgaria we will hear the name of ROBERT, Marquis of Salisbury, execrated as that of the man who enslaved and betrayed Macedonia. GLADSTONE was certainly on the right track. Let the people of England make their choice between these two. If the ordeal should ever present itself which is described in our leading article this week, they should choose between the two, intelligently and wisely. GLADSTONE is certainly the man for this emergency.

JUST in the nick of time—when news is scarce—comes the rumor of an impending crisis in Brazil. President DEODORO DA FONSECA of that "republic" is having trouble with the Brazilian Congress. Recently their differences were over financial affairs. Measures passed by the Congress were vetoed by the Chief Magistrate, and changes advocated by the President were voted down by Congress. At last an attempt was made to curb the power of the President. DA FONSECA being a military man, many feared or pretended to fear that he might proclaim himself dictator. To prevent any such contingency Congress passed a law fixing the process of impeaching the President. DA FONSECA, thinking that the measure was aimed at him, promptly vetoed it, told the members of Congress to go home, and proclaimed martial law in Rio Janeiro. When the squabble is ended, Brazil will doubtless pick a quarrel with the American Minister. These alleged South American republics must quarrel with somebody.

THE London Times, always unfair and anti-American, is attacking Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE on his diplomacy in Chili. The Thunderer, in search of big game, has this time found a Secretary of State at Washington and an American Minister at Santiago, Chili, neither of whom is likely to get scared at either Chilian or British bluster. In the Chilian affair, Secretary BLAINE, President HARRISON and Minister PATRICK EGAN are in the right, and intend to stay there. Reparation for our slaughtered sailors must be made. This country does not take young men from the paths of peace for the navy to have them dragged to death or shot to death by a mob in the streets of Valparaiso.

JUDGING from the number of recent bank failures, something besides afterthought is demanded. The condition of banks should be known from day to day. Phenomenal bookkeeping will be required for this; but American inventive genius will be equal to the emergency. Let us hear from the experts.

JUDGE MCADAM, of the Superior Court of the City of New York, has instituted libel suits against several newspapers, to determine the question, he says, "whether the reputation of a lifetime is to be destroyed in one short day by an assassin of character." The question is an important one.

THE most remarkable and cheering indication of the recent State elections is that partisanship is dying out, and independent political action is playing havoc with party lines.

SPEAKING of the Chilian affair, the New York Herald says this country "has had a narrow escape." We think it is Chili that will have the narrow escape when she makes reparation.

LOW TEMPERATURE and snow have been reported from various parts of this broad land with the diversified surface. It is a very cold day in which we cannot have snow somewhere in such a country as this—after a fall election.



DR. LESLIE KEELEY, the discoverer of the bichloride of gold cure for drunkenness, which is now being so much discussed, is a tall-built, big-boned man of benevolent appearance and nerveless manner, with snow-white hair and moustache, and talks with undiluted enthusiasm about his treatment and its effects. "I will take any drunkard," he says, "who for twenty years has been debauched and sodden, and will make him sober in an hour, without nervous shock, and in three days I will cure him so completely that liquor will be odious to all his senses, and he will never touch it again from desire while life lasts." He declares, however, that he will not disclose to the profession the secret formula used in the preparation of his remedy, for two reasons: first, because he has sold "the right to use it in several States," and, secondly, because "it would be inexpedient to put the secret in the hands of charlatans, inexperienced doctors, and ignorant drug clerks." His remedy then becomes a secret proprietary article. He does not give it away as an obligation due to mankind, but sells it for all he can get. He is said to be growing quite wealthy already from his inebriate-curing establishment in Illinois. He has struck a bichloride of gold mine, so to speak.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, the famous Russian pianist now visiting New York, is an undersized, feminine-faced man, with a sparse moustache and goatee, and a disheveled mane of fiery red hair like unto that of Swinburne, the poet, whom he strongly resembles. He is not yet one-and-thirty, but withal he is the reigning sensation in London musical circles, and has played in all the larger capitals of Europe, where he has been dubbed "the second Rubenstein." His playing is described as a combination of fire and poetry, and as a Chopin player he is said to be the very *beau ideal*. His fervent style, original touch, and, above all, individual conception, render him an object of more than ordinary interest.

EDGAR FAWCETT, the novelist, is a stoutish-inclined man of middling height, with a small black moustache. Somewhat dreamy-looking and always well-dressed, he has the coyness of voices and a manner that quaintly queries you. He is rising five-and-fifty, and began to write fiction at the immature age of nine. At twenty he graduated at Columbia College. His father intended him for a lawyer, but he rebelled and launched into literature, and he has made it pay. His name soon became a familiar one to magazine-readers, and, in 1873, he perpetrated his first novel. It was called "Purple and Fine Linen." It was a hopeless failure. Then he tried again, and succeeded. He has since produced stories very proficiently, besides a few plays and poems without number. He is a literary man by profession, which is a very rare thing in these United States. He is also a bachelor, and a handsome one, and he wrote a thrilling novel for ONCE A WEEK.

JOHN REDMOND, who has been chosen to succeed Mr. Parnell as leader of the Irish National party, is a handsome, florid-faced man of athletic build, with curly black hair and a dark, drooping moustache, and is rising six-and-thirty. He is the son of a member of Parliament, and has himself been a member of the House of Commons for over ten years. He is also a graduate of Trinity College, and a lawyer by profession; but, having married an Australian heiress, does not need to practice. Oratorically he does not amount to much; but he has been in prison, and is a good fellow, though he is, perhaps, a trifle too hot-headed to make a good leader.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, whose life and fortune are devoted to the reclamation of the inebriate, is inclined to *embonpoint*. She is dark, almost to swartheness—has blue-black hair, possessing what artists are pleased to term "full lights." She has a strong but delicious voice, and fills a large hall apparently without effort. Lady Henry Somerset is regarded as one of the ablest speakers on the English platform. She is a sister of the Duchess of Bedford and heiress of Lord Somers. Her husband is second son of the Duke of Beaufort. Lady Somerset is president of the British Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Her ladyship is one of the wealthiest women in England, possessing in her own right landed property in five counties, and owning a large slice of the slums of London. Lady Somerset will be the central figure during the forthcoming "Temperance Convention" in Boston. At a recent temperance meeting in New York, Lady Somerset said: "You, too, may have dark spots in your great city. There are here, too, no doubt, people whose hearts are callous to the needs of the broken-hearted poor. I have a longing desire to start a mission for the rich. There are as many griefs beneath silk gowns as in attics, and many feet that climb marble stairs with sorrow. All need the saving gospel of Jesus Christ. Love is now the great force in society. It is great enough to do anything." Lady Somerset dwelt at length on the mission work in London. We present a portrait of this illustrious lady on page 8; also, on page 13, a portrait of Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, an English lady of wealth, who accompanied Lady Somerset to this country as a worker in the cause. It is asserted that Mrs. Smith spends fifty thousand dollars a year in temperance work.

READ THIS!

IN our next issue, No. 6, in addition to valuable Editorials, Personals, etc., we shall publish the first of three articles by W. H. Rideing, entitled, "Sea Fights as They Were, and as They May Be;" "Justice According to Herbert Spencer," by George Parsons Lathrop; the first part of an intensely dramatic story by the famous author, Arthur W. a Beckett, "Tracked Out;" "The Rural Bunco-Steerer," by R. K. Munkittrick; "The Violet in Classics," etc., etc.

The wood-engraved portraits of Mrs. Mary Townes Burt, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and of Mrs. Frances Barnes, National Superintendent of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will appear, together with interviews with these earnest and philanthropic women.

A wood-engraved double page of a scene in "Joan of Arc," the sheriff arresting Joan (Sara Bernhardt) will form a conspicuous feature in this number.

THE GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.—The publisher begs to announce that a series of profusely illustrated articles on the Great Industries of the United States will form a prominent feature in the coming numbers of ONCE A WEEK.

The portrait of Lady Somerset, the famous English temperance advocate, is the only one published, having been specially taken for ONCE A WEEK.

NOTICE.—It is absolutely indispensable that Subscribers who have communications to address regarding their subscriptions, non-delivery of mail, change of address, etc., should give the number as printed on the wrapper label.

BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS



GROWN OLD.

BY VIOLET M. KING.

WHAT noble deeds we meant to do
 When—in our long-lost childhood's days—
 We planned how we would travel through
 Life's tangled maze!

How very great we meant to be,
 The whole wide world would hear of us;
 And to our fame would all agree
 Unanimous!

And we would be so very good!
 All who were suffering or oppressed
 Would find their sorrow understood,
 Their wrongs redrest!

While love would crown our nights and days
 Deeper and fuller each glad year,
 We look out on Life's unknown ways,
 And know no fear!

Now one by one the years have passed,
 We are no longer glad and young;
 We fold our hands for rest at last,
 Our songs unsung.

We look back, while our hearts are bowed—
 The noble deeds are still undone—
 Glad to have helped, amidst the crowd,
 Here and there one.

Love parted from us unawares,
 The fame and glory never came;
 We thank God if some in their prayers
 Still breathe our name!

THE MAGIC CIGAR VEST.



AND now, while the somber disk known as the pumpkin pie is floating on the dream of the farmer like a lily pod on the sluggish stream, the song of the political candidate and the music of the band are heard from one end of the land to the other. The crowd circles leisurely about the cider-mill with his business eye riveted fondly on the corn-field, whose dull russet stacks bespeak the spirit of the dying year, while the wind stirs its brittle pennons and murmurs sadly through its faded tassels. As we gaze upon the corn, surrounded by richly growing pumpkins, we are naturally carried back to the time at which we found such Oriental joy in smoking corn-silk cigarettes. But we did not find half the joy in smoking these corn-silk cigarettes that the average voter experiences in smoking the cigar that is proffered in the most generous, open-handed manner by the political candidate who is at the present time hovering about his district with an eye to business.

This candidate is known to a certain extent by the cigars he smokes and the cigars he gives, and he is also an artist with a long head. He knows just the kind of cigar to offer to every man he meets. If he happens on a Spanish-American, he, of course, has the forethought to delight him with a weed known as consisting of a Connecticut wrapper and a pure Havana filler. He would not undertake to capture the Spaniard with a domestic cigar, any more than he would endeavor to win a native with a Cabassa cigarette, or a German-American with a French clay pipe. For the political candidate is a genius in his way, and seldom makes a mistake that is disastrous to himself. He is giving out cigars because he knows his opponent is resorting to the same practice. Consequently, his cigar is the cigar of political war—just as the Indian's calumet is the pipe of dove-eyed peace. He also knows that his constituents are composed of many classes and conditions of men; or, perhaps more correctly speaking, smokers. There is the man who smokes fifteen-cent cigars when he can afford them; and then there is the creature who puffs the ten-cent weed, and the fellow whose taste is so depraved and abnormal that he can find luxurious delight in blowing blue wreaths from a specimen of weed nicotine that may be had for the modest sum of a half-dime each.

Consequently, the candidate with the long head and the familiar, good-natured smile, prepares himself for each person with whom he comes in contact. It would not be a kindness to the consumer of the five-cent weed to put him on intimate terms with the fifteen-cent cigar. Such an acquaintance might tend to make him unhappy in the end—it might cause him to invest in these expensive weeds when he could ill afford it, and make him dissatisfied with the cigar that used to have the power to console him in his weary moments, and lift him out of the slough of despond, and lead him into the sunshine and bathe him in billows of happiness. On the other hand, if he were to give to a smoker of the fifteen-cent cigar a five-cent cheroot, this Sybarite might be seized by a determination to economize, through a fallacious conclusion that the five-cent cigar is possessed of a health and virtue quite equal to that of the more expensive article. This feeling would grow upon him, while his throat continued in its usual good condition. But when his throat should become a total wreck, and make him the easy victim of every lozenge fiend on the ferry-boat and train, he would never vote again for the candidate who brought about his bronchial ruin.

The reader will remember the kind of vest worn by the aristocratic sportsman. It is high cut as regards proximity to the neck—quite as high cut as a clerical waistcoat. Across the breast are many rows of apertures in which to carry cartridges. Each aperture is supplied with a cartridge, which may be withdrawn and placed in the rifle-barrel in the smallest possible fraction of a jiffy. The candidate has his political campaign vest made on this plan, except that each aperture, or pocket, is of sufficient capacity to hold five or six cigars. With a loose coat buttoned, he can carry about a hundred and fifty cigars at a time; and by thrusting his hand in he can take out just the grade of cigars desired without unfastening a button. It will thus be seen that the candidate has a great idea of

the political economy of conducting a campaign as regards the consumption of tobacco. He divides his district into five-cent, ten-cent and fifteen-cent men. When he meets a number of his supporters he hands a cigar to each, according to his rating, and not one of them suspects for a moment that more than one brand of cigars has been distributed. As the five-cent men greatly outnumber the fifteen-cent men, it will be seen at once what a great amount of money the candidate saves without antagonizing any one, and while winning the admiration of all for his open-handed generosity. Of course, there are unprincipled men who smoke the cigars of the rival candidates while only voting for one, just as brass bands, irrespective of political leanings, march proudly at the head of the procession of each party. The inconsistency of this habit has been explained away by a far-seeing philosopher, who says that every band is made up of men belonging to different parties, and that the band must play for each and every party for the sake of harmony in its own ranks.

Not long ago a candidate informed the public that his rival carried three brands of cigars in a vest made on the plan of that of the huntsman, and that he carried but one brand. The man of three brands having been caught with his vest on, cannot make a satisfactory explanation to his followers, and his rival will probably be elected—just because he gives out but one brand of cigars. But his admirers would probably think less kindly of him if they knew his stock consists entirely of five-cent specimens of the ever-seductive weed.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE NEW YORK JUDICIARY.

BY M. CROFTON.

III.



THE Court of General Sessions, for the trial of criminal cases, occupies such of the big brown building on the Park Row side of the square as is not monopolized by the district-attorney's office and its innumerable hangers-on, who, with the loafers of the vicinity, generally form a semi-circle around the entrance awaiting the arrival and departure of the "Black Maria," which ferries the convicted and to-be-convicted prisoners between the court house and the Tombs. The criminal courts are divided into three parts, one of which sits all the year round, and which are presided over by the recorder, Frederick R. Smyth. It is safe to say that no other judge in this country is so feared by wrong-doers. He is a tall, heavily-built man with a stern-featured, clean-shaven face, rather sinister of expression, with a gray fringe of chin-whiskers, and suffers his back hair to turn over his collar. He wears eyeglasses, and is continually twirling an unlighted cigar between his fingers while sitting on the Bench. He has earned a good deal of unpopularity, for he is autocratic, often testy, and inclined to scold counsel. He is perpetually "going" for the district-attorney and his assistants, whose excuse for existence, it is rumored, he does not see. He does not mince his words, but very plainly calls a spade a spade, and often hits a nail very hard on the head. When the district-attorney asked for a Fourth Part, the Recorder sat upon him in a manner more forcible than polite, but none the less pleasing to a long-suffering public. He is now fifty-five, and as recorder he is a commissioner of the Sinking Fund and a member of other boards that have control of the spending of many millions of dollars annually. There is no nonsense about the Recorder. The lawyer has yet to be born who can throw dust in his eyes. The Recorder's charge to a jury can demolish all the sympathy gained by "Bob" Ingersoll, Bourke Cockran and Colonel Fellows. He holds strong views on the proper treatment of criminals, and has been pretty freely criticised of late for the severity of some of his sentences.

Judges Rufus B. Cowing, Randolph B. Martine and James Fitzgerald are the associate judges of the Court of General Sessions over which the Recorder presides so strongly. They are elected, like the Supreme Court judges, for fourteen years, their salary being twelve thousand dollars a year. Judge Cowing is the senior judge. Recorder Smyth is unusually and severely stern, while Judge Cowing believes that there are times when justice should be tempered with mercy, and, on the whole, he is inclined to let persons off as easily as he conscientiously can, while his fatherly admonitions have caused many a criminal to strive to reform. In addition to being a member of the Court of Sessions, he is county judge for New York State.

Judge Martine, who stepped from the district-attorney's chair on to the Bench, is a tall, handsome, dark-moustached man of generous build, floridly inclined, with the suavest of manners, and is a walking advertisement for his tailor. Judge Fitzgerald, who outstripped Judge Gildersleeve of a seat which he had come to look on as his peculiar property, is a corpulently inclined Irish-American, with a rich, seductive brogue, and is thirty-nine years old. He is severely self-made, having obtained his education in the evening school at Cooper Union. He became a clerk in the county clerk's office, and at the same time studied law at Columbia College. After obtaining his diploma as a lawyer he took an active part in public affairs, and was elected, in 1881, to the State Senate from one of the New York districts. When John McKeon became district-attorney he appointed Mr. Fitzgerald one of his assistants. Here he showed such sagacity that every successor of Mr. McKeon retained Mr. Fitzgerald in office, promoting him step by step until he stood next to the district-attorney, and the great experience thus obtained in criminal cases fits him thoroughly for the place which he now holds.

In addition to the regular criminal courts, the Court of

Oyer and Terminer meets twice a year for the trial of criminal cases, and is usually held by one of the Supreme Court judges. For years Judge Brady performed this duty, which now seems to have devolved on Judge Van Brunt.

The Surrogate's, or Probate Court occupies the southerly wing of the new Court-House, and is the only cheerful room in the building. The record rooms attached to the court occupy half of the ground floor. This court employs more clerks than all the others put together. It is one of the most important courts in the city. It is presided over by a surrogate, who, like the City Court judges, has heretofore been elected for six years. The term has now, however, been extended to fourteen. He does more work and gets less pay than any other two judges in the city, while the responsibility of the surrogate is one which no other magistrate in the country is compelled to assume. The volume of the work has more than doubled since the present surrogate assumed office some three years ago.

An examination of the records of the surrogate's office for the year 1890 shows that during the year the surrogate heard and disposed of 3,245 special motions, gave 2,389 written decisions or opinions, gave 416 hearings in will contests, passed on 1,363 accounts, made 1,227 decrees on final accountings, and examined and signed 15,827 orders and decrees other than on final accountings. During the year 1,682 wills were offered for probate, of which 1,585 were admitted. Ninety-three contested will cases were disposed of, twenty-one remaining undetermined at the close of the year.

The present surrogate is a semi-bald-headed man of dignified manner, with a ruddy face and a drooping white moustache. As surrogate, he has not been an unmitigated success. Lawyers are apt to draw comparisons between him and his predecessor, Daniel G. Rollins, which are not unfavorable to the predecessor. Without being conceited, he has a proper opinion of his own importance. He has also a son. His opinions are long-winded and grandiose; yet withal, he is many things that a good surrogate ought to be, and he wears a pair of pincenez at the end of his nose.

It is but a short step from the State courts to the Federal courts, which deal out justice on the upper floors of the big Post-office building; yet withal, there is as much difference in the atmosphere as there is in that between the Senate and the House of Representatives. There is an air of dignity, solidity and respectability about the Federal courts which is quite unknown in the State courts across the way. One of the most noticeable differences that marks the United States courts is the total absence of the disreputable-looking hangers-on who infest the precincts of the other halls of justice. A lawyer must have been five years at the Bar before he can be admitted to practice in the United States courts. It is here that patent and admiralty cases are tried, and there are many lawyers who confine their practice exclusively to the United States courts, and who affect to look down on the State courts. The United States courts, like the mills of the gods, grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine. The judges here are appointed, as in England, for life, though their salary is not nearly as high as that of those in the State courts; thus, the Circuit judges receive only six thousand dollars a year, which is only a little over a third of the salary of the Supreme Court judges; while the District Court judge only gets four thousand dollars. There are at present two Circuit judges, William J. Wallace and E. Henry Lacombe, who, with Judge Samuel Blatchford, of the United States Supreme Court, constitute the new Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, which comprises New York, Connecticut and Vermont. When sitting as an Appellate Court, the Circuit judges wear the black gown, which, until recently, was worn only by justices of the United States Supreme Court. This is looked upon as a decided innovation, and has caused no little comment, favorable and otherwise—principally otherwise. Personally, I have not much faith in the virtues of silk gowns as aids to justice. Still, if an honest judge who knows the law and administers it impartially likes to attire himself in a funereal-hued Mother Hubbard, under the impression that it adds to the dignity of his office, it isn't much harm. Let the powers that be put reputable men on the Bench. There all the honor lies.

Judge Blatchford was District and Circuit judge successively before he ascended the Supreme Bench, in 1882, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Ward Hunt, after Conkling and Edmunds had declined the position. He is rising two-and-seventy, and is a thin-faced, beetle-browed, quiet-mannered man, of slight build, with precisely parted hair and a sparse, gray chin-beard. He dresses sedately in severest broadcloth, and wears a vest cut low enough for a dress waistcoat.

Judge Wallace, who succeeded him as Circuit judge, looks younger than his years, which are over sixty. He is an even-mannered, florid-faced man, with singular blue eyes and silky white hair and moustache and abbreviated side-whiskers. He resides at Syracuse. Judge Lacombe was corporation counsel when, in 1886, Mr. Cleveland appointed him to fill the additional seat on the Circuit Court bench which was then created by Congress. He wears eyeglasses and mutton-chop side-whiskers. There is a new judge to be appointed to this court during the coming winter, and the competition that exists among the Bar to capture this "plum" is keen and even violent. It is to be hoped that whoever is appointed may be a lawyer of some standing, so that the standard of this bench may not be lowered to the level of the State courts.

In the United States District Court are Judges Addison Brown, Charles L. Benedict and Alfred C. Cox. The court is divided into three districts, the southern, eastern and northern. Judge Brown presides over the first. Here admiralty actions are heard. He is great authority in this branch of the law, and delivers judgments in collision cases of the hardest swearing with a lucidity which would do credit to any landsman. Judge Benedict, who lives in

Brooklyn, presides over all the criminal cases arising under United States law. Judge Cox, of Utica; Judge Shipman, of Hartford, and Judge Wheeler, of Vermont, all of which is included in the Second Judicial District, also holds court in New York City during some months of the year. The salary of these judges is only thirty-five hundred dollars a year.

The Court of Appeals, with its nine judges, also holds a term in New York every year. In addition to these higher courts of record, New York has the Court of Special Sessions, which holds its terms in the Tombs, and the six police courts where Patrick Gavan Duffy, Paddy Diver, and their fellows deal with "drunks" and "disorderlies," besides the eleven district courts where petty civil actions are tried.

Withal, it will be seen that there are no lack of courts in the Empire City; and when we add that there are between six and seven thousand lawyers into the bargain, one would think there ought to be no excuse for the "Law's delay," which *Hamlet* gave as good cause for suicide.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND. HARROW.

IN the year 1570, when Eton College, having happily survived the perils of the "War of the Roses" and the rapacious attentions of Henry VIII., was on the high road to scholastic fame, the thought entered into the benevolent head of one John Lyon, a prosperous yeoman in the parish of Harrow-on-the-Hill, that breezy Harrow was quite as well qualified—by Nature, at any rate—to become a seat of learning as low-lying Eton. With old John Lyon to think, was to act, and he lost no time in proceeding to London, there to take the necessary steps for starting the good work. On the way, John Lyon presumably underwent such a jolting that he decided to add to his scholastic scheme and endowment for keeping the high road in repair.

Queen Elizabeth took kindly to both projects, and the following year granted John Lyon letters patent and a royal charter.

John Lyon was himself a self-taught and self-enriched man, and in ideas far in advance of his times. He actually had the temerity to go through with his scheme without the assistance of the clergy, and the first governing body selected by him did not contain a single parson. In one respect, however, John Lyon recognized the value of the Church, for he enacted that should the governors disagree upon any matter, such as the appointment of a master, the Archbishop of Canterbury should be called in as peacemaker.

John Lyon, however, like many other good fellows, had his weaknesses and his prejudices. In his opinion, learning and love were incapable of running in double harness, and he accordingly ordered that the masters of his grammar school should be single men. Generations of masters chafed against their enforced celibacy, until at length the obnoxious rule was abolished, and one fine day a Harrow master took unto himself a wife, amid general rejoicing.

For the welfare of the boys, John Lyon showed the most minute and loving care. He made out a list of the various offenses which boys are apt to commit, apportioned for each what he considered an adequate number of stripes, and even specified where and in what manner they should be applied. The lads were forbidden, under the direst penalties, from taking part in cock-fighting, and the like, and their recreations were confined to "driving a top, tossing a handball, running and shooting." The shooting was confined to bow and arrow, and for nearly two hundred years the Harrow boys excelled in archery. A competition for a silver arrow was held annually, and no student's room was complete without a bow and arrow. Archery, however, lends itself to clandestine "potting" at obnoxious masters, and the like, and in 1771 Head Master Heath abolished archery, root and branch. Harrow then took to muskets, and at the present time the boys are noted for the quality of their rifle shooting. Doubtless, old John Lyon himself, could he be approached through a capable medium, would recognize the desirability of the change.

In 1590 John Lyon completed the statutes of the school, and two years later he was gathered to his fathers, as is attested by the following inscription on brass, fixed on the chancel arch of Harrow Church:

"Heare lyeth the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston, in this parish, yeoman, died the 11th day of Octr in the year of our Lord 1592, who hath founded a free grammar schoole in this p'she to have continuance forever; and for maintenance thereof, and for reliefe of the poore, and of some poore schollers in the universities, repaireing of highwayes, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of land of good value to a Corporation granted for that purpose. Prayers be to the author of all goodness who make us mindful to follow his good example."

Since the benevolent bones of its sturdy old founder were laid to rest, Harrow has enjoyed an uneventful career of steady and peaceful prosperity. Wars did not affect it, and it never suffered like its elder brother and friendly rival, Eton, from royal rapacity or puritanical persecution. Its only troubles arose from the method of endowment by John Lyon. His intentions were to have the most valuable portion of his landed estates given to the school, and the less valuable lands to the repair of the road to London. It is no fault of the old man's that he was unable to look along the century with eyes sufficiently prophetic to enable him to foresee the gigantic growth of England's metropolis. But generation by generation London has crept westward, where lies the lands set apart for the road repairing business, and until at the present moment they are covered with brick buildings. In fact, John Lyon's pastures are now in the heart of London, and

form the rich and populous districts of Paddington and Marylebone. The several lands properly so called are situated miles away from London, but they also will become city property one of these days. Until 1810 the local authorities and the school governments frequently squabbled in the law courts over the disposition of the revenue, until in that year the dispute was finally settled in favor of the school.

In the matter of royal visits Harrow School has not been unduly favored. When John Lyon was running about in pinafores, Henry VIII. made a royal progress to the parish of which the famous Cardinal Wolsey was the well-paid but non-resident rector. The most-married monarch was flattered and feasted to the complete content of his royal stomach and head, and does not seem to have gone away any richer than he came.

Charles I. visited Harrow, but under less comfortable circumstances. Flying before the victorious Parliamentarians, he resolved to go to London, and there rally his adherents. The resolve was a bold one, and had it been carried out with nerve and decision, the whole course of English history might have been altered. But his Majesty was afraid, and never got nearer the metropolis than Harrow.

For nearly two hundred years more Harrow had to live on without royal encouragement; but in 1805, as it is recorded with solemn unction, his Majesty, King George III., graciously deigned to pay a flying visit to the place, and forty years or so later her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, shed the light of her countenance upon the school. She was accompanied by her husband, the Prince Consort, and it was a great and glorious day for Harrow. The boys basked in the royal effulgence for several hours, and went to bed averring that Queen Victoria was the sort of monarch they liked, inasmuch as she had obtained for them the promise of an extra week's holiday at midsummer. Bentley Priory, near Harrow, now a palatial country hotel, was for several years the residence of the Dowager Queen Adelaide. She died there in 1849. She often drove over to the school, but tradition records that the boys did not think much of her either as a monarch or a visitor. She used to treat them too much after the fashion of the stern grandmother, and she never troubled herself to get them a holiday.

Harrow is delightfully situated on a hill from which may be had views of some of the prettiest landscape near London. The hill is only two hundred feet high, but the character of the surrounding country is all in its favor. It rises slantingly from the plain, and its pretensions are not challenged, except by hills too far off to be formidable. It is part of the creed of old Harrovians to rave over the natural beauties of the place, especially after Lord Byron took to writing poetry about it. Byron, when he was at Harrow, kept things going at a rapid rate, and he had such frequent experiences of the head master's birch that the wonder is that any poetry was left in him. He has himself recorded that he fought seven pitched fights, and won six of them, in spite of his crippled foot. There is still in existence a battered old school book on the fly-leaf of which is written, in Byron's hand, "George Gordon Byron, Wednesday, June 26th, A.D., 1805, three-quarters of an hour past three o'clock in the afternoon, third school, Calvert monitor; Tom Wildman on my left hand, and Long on my right. Harrow-on-the-Hill."

History does not record what Calvert, monitor, was doing while boy Byron was fooling away his time and spoiling his school-books in that unpoetical fashion. But it was a June day, and presumably warm, and probably Calvert slumbered. Byron used to put in a good deal of his time lounging about the churchyard, and the tombstone is still reverently shown upon which he used to loiter. There was some excuse for Byron, for it is from the churchyard, and particularly from the aforesaid tombstone, that the most extensive panorama presents itself. There can be no doubt about Byron's deplorable loafing habits, for he has himself set it on record in the lines:

"Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the best gleam of the sun's setting ray."

Churchyard, tombstone, the steep brow, and, in season, the setting ray, are still on view; but the modern boy does not patronize them much. He has enough to do with his cricket, or his football, and scholastic competition is so keen that he has not nearly so much spare time on his hands as his predecessors seem to have had. Sentimental loafing has to be reserved for after years, when the boy has become rich or famous, or both. Then the old boy often prowls around the old place, seeks the spot where he licked Bill Smith, or dug a pitfall for an obnoxious monitor, or maybe whiles away an hour beneath the grand old elms, listening to the restful cawing of the rooks. That, for instance, used to be the custom of one of Harrow's most famous sons, whose name, H. Temple, may still be seen next to Byron's, carved on the oak paneling in the old fourth form room. H. Temple became Viscount Palmerston, England's famous fighting premier; but, in the most exciting periods of his political career, nothing delighted the old man more than to run down to the old school and have a look round. From those little trips his Lordship would return to London positively rejuvenated, as his opponents often found out to their cost. When his liver had gone wrong, or when there were other reasons for melancholy, Lord Palmerston, like all Harrovians, could always fall back upon the old school for mental and physical panacea.

The surroundings of Harrow itself are pretty and quaint without being pretentious. Everything is subordinated to the school, without which the town or district of Harrow would be but an insignificant name on the map.

The various school buildings, lecture-rooms, classrooms, masters' houses, etc., mostly lie near John Lyon's original building. The last named is of red brick, and a red-brick tradition is manifest to the eye, for all the newer

buildings are of the same material. The brickwork is rich, not of the sickly yellow common in London. The only two important edifices—the parish church and the school chapel—are built of stone.

I visited Harrow on a sunny day in March. It was a Saturday, and "half-holiday" was on. Along the High street boys attired in flannels, with bare, uncollared throats, defiant of the keen easterly breeze, were hurrying to the football field; others, dressed in the ordinary week-day garb, were wandering around in search of fun while a few walked about book in hand.

Harrow is not quite so aristocratic as Eton, but it is rarely without a lord or two on its books. Just now it languishes without a single titled scholar, but there are lots of lords, sons acquiring wisdom within its walls. Master W. C. Spencer Churchill, the pride and hope of Lord Randolph Churchill; is in the second fourth form, a very low rung in the scholastic ladder for a boy of fourteen and a half years. Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, has a son at Harrow of the same age as Master Spencer Churchill; but although he entered at the same time, he is already a long way ahead in the Forms. Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Trevelyan (formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland), the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., who is to be the new Minister for Agriculture, and Sir Robert Peel, all have sons in the school; while the peerage is represented by the Hon. O. Bridgeman, son of Viscount Newport, the Hon. H. Cavendish, who one day will be Baron Waterpark, the Hon. W. Strutt, son of Lord Belper, and the Hon. F. W. White, son of Lord Annaly. The head master of Harrow is the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, and there are twenty-one assistant masters, of whom only six are in holy orders, a proportion completely reversed at Eton, which, however, unlike Harrow, is an ecclesiastical foundation. There are at present five hundred and sixty-three boys in the school, and most of them are boarded in the masters' houses.

The maximum age of admission is fifteen years. Every boy must pass an entrance examination in Latin, Greek, and arithmetic, and he must furnish a certificate of good conduct from his master or tutor.

The teaching at Harrow is equal to most of the great public schools, but in several respects it differs from the Eton system.

No boy can remain in the school without special permission after sixteen years of age, unless he has reached the upper Remove, or after eighteen unless he be in the Sixth Form. As at Eton, each boy is expected to have a private tutor, an arrangement good for tutors but bad for parental purses.

The cost by the year to a boy for school fees, board, and tuition ranges from six hundred and fifty dollars in the larger boarding-houses to eight hundred in the smaller houses, but there are lots of extras which add considerably to the total cost of each boy to the parent up to that of Eton, which is estimated as high as fifteen hundred a year.

A certain number of boys are educated on the foundation which means free board and reduced fees, but the payments remaining are considerable—quite beyond the powers of the parents of the "poore schollers" for whose benefit John Lyon gave up his lands.

The statutes of Harrow expressly provide for the admission of foreigners—a term including boys from distant parts of England as well as those of actual foreign birth.

Harrow boys have the chance of winning many valuable scholarships, exhibitions and prizes, from gold medals to big piles of books. The most coveted is the Isabella Gregory scholarship, which gives the lucky winner five hundred dollars a year for six years, and he may spend the money either at Oxford or Cambridge.

There is a similar scholarship tenable for four years, three or four of two hundred and fifty dollars, one of four hundred a year, one for three hundred, half-a-dozen, for one hundred and fifty, and numerous others less valuable.

Perhaps the most interesting room in the school is the old fourth form room. Its oaken beams and panels are covered thickly with names rudely carved by many generations of boys who have passed through it on their scholastic journey to fame, fortune or failure. The oldest carving is dated 1701, and the name T. Basil, of whom history makes no mention. But against soon forgotten Basil may be placed such names as H. Temple, 1800; Byron, 1805, the great glory of Harrow; R. B. Sheridan, 1765, poet, orator, wit and dramatist; H. E. Manning, 1823, now Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; and R. Peel, who became England's prime minister.

BLAKELY HALL.

We are judged usually, says George William Curtis, by our public successes, by the esteem of distinguished persons; but the real test of character is the feeling of those before whom we play no part. If a man's children confide in him—if all whom he employs at home and in his business feel that he is full of thought and sympathy for them as for brethren—if those who meet him perceive the charm of his urbanity, and as they draw near and know him better, honor and love him more and more, we may be very sure that he has the noblest human qualities, the influence of which will be a possession to us forever.

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ONCE A WEEK, New York.





DOROTHY.

BY EVELYN PYNE.



ANY years ago, when Shanklin was a quaint little village, there stood at the upper end of the long, broken, straggling street, a house, half cottage, half villa, covered with ivy, and Virginian creeper, and yellow roses, with weather-beaten gables, and sloping roof, and surrounded by a garden which was a perpetual joy and feast to the senses. This house always seemed to me to express tangibly all the sweet meanings of that blessed word "home." You stepped inside the garden and immediately all the cares and troubles of life were left behind the gate. Perhaps I saw it, and see it still, through rose-colored spectacles, for Dorothy Snowe lived there, the sweetest girl in all the world, and my promised wife. In a few months we were to be married, but lately the shadow of a great trouble had fallen upon us—the fear of blindness. Dorothy's eyes, the clearest, deepest blue, as though the sky were mirrored in the sea, looked as lovely and loving as ever, but saw everything dimly, as if through a thin mist, and as both her father and grandfather had fallen blind in early life from no apparent cause, this sudden failure of her sight filled us with terror.

On the morning my story begins, Dorothy and I were slowly walking in the garden amongst the roses and tall lilies which always seemed to me such a fitting background for her golden head, and I had been asking her how her eyes felt.

"The shadows are growing deeper, dear," she said.

"Never mind, my darling," I answered, confidently. "Vane comes down to-night, and I have written fully explaining everything to him, and have great faith, from the many wonderful cures he has made in cases of blindness, that your dear eyes will soon see as clearly as ever."

Dr. Vane was an old college friend of mine, and a young oculist fast making headway in London. He seemed to have a strange power of understanding the nature and dispositions of his patients, and influencing them both physically and mentally by a remarkably strong and persistent will, and had been wonderfully successful in treating all cases of blindness or weak sight, caused by nerve weakness or defective vital force. I knew little of his private life or mode of treatment, as on leaving college I had joined an exploring party to Central Africa; and it was only on my return a year before that, passing through London and hearing much of his marvelous cures, I had remembered our old friendship, looked him up, and tried to persuade him to take a holiday and join me at a little place which an old uncle had lately left me in the Isle of Wight. He declined, then, but about two months before I had received a letter from him saying he had been seriously ill, and felt it necessary to get away to some quiet place for a thorough rest, and would be glad to accept my former invitation. I assented joyfully, but one thing and another had delayed his coming week after week, much to my annoyance, as I was very anxious to have his opinion about Dorothy's eyes. At last he had written finally, saying he should be down this same evening.

"I hope Dr. Vane will be able to cure me," Dorothy said presently; "if not,"—she paused.

"If not?" I asked, kissing the hand I held in mine and letting the sun shine on the sapphire ring I had placed there a few months ago, and which it still seemed a new pleasure to me to see on her slender finger.

"You shall not have a useless, helpless, blind wife, dear," she answered, with a half sob.

"I shall have the wife I want, Miss Snowe, with or without your consent, but she will not be blind; have confidence in Vane, as I have," I said lightly; and after a little more happy talk I left her, promising

to bring Vane over to dinner in the evening.

I met him at the station, and was sorry to see what an alteration a year had made; he looked wretchedly ill, but after a bath and a smoke declared himself ready to go with me to the Snowes, and we started. It was rather late when we arrived, and I had only time to present him to Dorothy with the others, when dinner was announced. After the meal we went into the garden; Vane and I lighted our cigars, and Dorothy's little sister, Nell, a girl of about fifteen, had her zither brought out into the veranda, and played sad, weird airs on that strange little instrument, until it seemed as if the stars had found voices and were striving to explain to us the meaning of life. Vane talked in a low voice when the music ceased, and told us strange stories of his London experiences with his patients, while Dorothy listened as if spellbound, with a gravity and silence very unlike her usual gentle cheerfulness. At last we said goodbye, promising to come in the morning to take the girls for a sail in the bay. As we walked home I said, "I suppose you can give me no opinion about her eyes?"

"They are the sweetest eyes I ever saw!" he answered dreamily.

"Yes," I said, a little impatiently, "I know that well enough; but about her sight—her threatened blindness?"

"I can save her sight!" he answered confidently.

"Thank God! You are sure?"

"Quite sure; she has one of those mobile, sensitive natures which it seems my peculiar mission to brace up and strengthen, until they are able to throw off all those diseases caused by the too fragile construction of their physical frames. Yes, I can save her sight, and afterwards—" he paused.

"What afterwards?"

"Afterwards she will be strong enough to choose her own path in life."

"Of course," I answered, gayly. "Why, she has already chosen it; we are to be married in September!"

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten; you ought to be a happy fellow, Somers."

"So I am, or shall be, when Dorothy is my wife," I answered, heartily, and we said good-night.

The next morning was bright and clear when we called for Dorothy and Nell, and went out into the bay, but there was little wind and we were sometimes almost motionless. Vane talked in his low, firm voice, and kept his eyes fixed on Dorothy, telling her of the wonderful things the oculists were doing, of the light they were throwing into the dark places of mind and soul, and the mysterious secrets they were revealing to a hitherto careless and unbelieving world. Nell and I got tired of this conversation, which, in my own mind, I characterized as "D—d nonsense," and Nell thought "very slow." Dorothy listened as if half unwillingly, and every now and then turned an appealing look towards me. As we walked home she said, timidly, "I can see more clearly already, Frank; but I am afraid of Mr. Vane, he makes me feel as if I did not belong to myself any more."

"You don't, darling," I answered; "you belong to me. Vane assures me he can cure your eyes, and can do it by some strange way of strengthening you by his own will. I don't pretend to understand, but I know he effects marvelous cures, and I have perfect faith in your love."

"Yes," she said, "I love you, but I feel afraid."

I laughed, though rather uneasily, and the others joined us, so I could not further reassure her; and as the days passed I gradually grew afraid, too, for there was a change in Dorothy; her eyes, indeed, were wonderfully better—she could see as of old, and even grew feverishly gay at times; her cheeks were like crimson roses, and she was never still excepting when Vane spoke to her or looked fixedly at her with his cold, gray eyes; then she would become suddenly silent and pale until his attention turned to somebody else, and again her spirits would return.

One evening, when for a wonder we were alone for a few minutes, I put my arm round her and drew her towards me. "Dorothy," I whispered, "do you remember how near our wedding day is growing?" She shivered, but did not answer. "Dorothy," I said in alarm, "look at me and say you are glad!"

She looked up at me and crept closer, her sweet eyes filling with tears.

"I was glad once to think of it; but now, oh, Frank, I cannot marry you! I love you, I do love you, but—"

"Somers," called Vane's deep, vibrating voice from close behind, "where are you?" Dorothy sprang away, and with a muttered oath I turned to meet him. He wanted some book he could not find, he said, and Mrs. Snowe had told him I had it.

"I have not seen it," I answered shortly, and turned back to follow Dorothy. It was some little time before I could find her, but at last I caught the gleam of her light dress in a small summer-house at the extreme end of the garden, which stretched across at this point nearly to the edge of the cliff.

I hastened towards her, but what was my surprise to see that her eyes were closed, and that she was apparently in a deep sleep! Thinking she must be very tired, and fearing to wake her, I sat down and quietly waited. Her sleep was so deep that I could not even hear her faint breathing, but once or twice she sighed, and moaned something, which I could not catch. At last I grew troubled, and, bending towards her, I gently kissed her clasped hands; she sprang up with a cry, and clung to me sobbing: "Oh Frank," she sighed, "save me! I love you . . . I

don't know . . . I don't understand . . . but I feel drifting away, I feel I belong no more to you or myself."

"Dorothy," I said soothingly, putting my arms round her, frightened by her agitation, "what do you mean? . . . Has Vane dared . . .?"

"No," she answered quietly, with her usual gentle dignity; "he has never said a word to me; but when I am alone I constantly fall into a deep sleep that yet is not sleep, for it is filled with horrible dreams . . . You are never there, but he is always making me, against my will, think of him."

I was in despair; angry with Vane for what I called his treachery; with myself for being such a fool as to believe his absurd theories and let him experiment on Dorothy; angry even with her for not more strongly resisting his sinister influence. One thing only was clear to me—this should end at once. So taking a hasty leave of the Snowes I told Vane I had some important business in hand about which I wished to consult him, and drew him away.

As soon as we were alone, "You have betrayed my confidence and your own professional honor," I said, fiercely; "and though you are my guest to-night, I must ask you to find another host to-morrow."

"What do you mean?" he answered; "but, no matter, Somers. Of course, I know what you mean—Dorothy—"

"Miss Snowe, if you please," I interrupted.

"Dorothy's nature," he continued, as if he had not even heard my interruption, "is one peculiarly susceptible to mesmeric or hypnotic influence and suggestion. I could no more help gaining power over her soul by healing her body than she could help yielding, poor child. But do not doubt her; she is true to you."

"I doubt you—not her; and I will find some means of freeing her from your unholy power!"

"There is one way, and that I shall tell Dorothy herself before I return to London to-morrow."

"You will not see her again," I broke in; "I shall take care of that!"

"How little you understand. Once a person is hypnotized, as she has been, it is not necessary I should be with her or even see her; it is enough that I will anything from a distance. Why, if I *willed* it, she would go with me to-morrow and become my wife!"

"It is a d—d lie," I cried, savagely; and, turning away, left him without another word.

The next day he went, and after he had gone I found my way, as usual, to the well-loved house, where it seemed almost as if the anguish his presence had brought must have been some hateful dream. Everything was calm and sweet; Dorothy, though quieter than before Vane's coming, looked at me softly with her sweet, clear blue eyes, and smiled; and Nell played her merriest tones on the zither, and openly declared her joy that "the vampire," as she always called Vane, had departed.

"Dorothy," I whispered at last, when we were alone in the garden, "why should we wait for September? You have made me feel half fearful of losing my treasure. That evil influence cannot, *shall not*, affect you once you are my wife; let us be married at once, my darling, and forget all these last miserable days. After all, we have reason to be grateful to Vane, since he has restored your sight."

"Do not talk of him," she pleaded; "if you know, if you could imagine how I dread and fear and hate him! Before you came to-night, I fell into that terrible sleep, and in it he revealed to me the only way I could free myself from his influence, but I may not tell you, dearest, or I shall die now. Oh, if only I had never seen him! I would rather a thousand times suffer physical blindness than this awful darkness in which I seem to lose my soul, and drift away into a hell of treachery and falsehood . . . but I will never yield, Frank; do not fear . . . and perhaps when I am your wife—"

She burst into tears, and clung to me, sobbing. I soothed her as well as I could, and soon afterwards we went in to tell her mother of our changed plans, and Mrs. Snowe and I sat up far into the night talking, and at last arranged that Dorothy and I should be married the following week, and start immediately after the wedding for Italy, hoping that an entire change of life and society might banish these morbid fancies, for we knew little of any occult powers, and could not believe in our happy ignorance the horrible nature of the toils into which our innocent darling had fallen.

The days passed very quickly after that; I had much to do and arrange, and thought little of any unseen obstacle to my happiness; and when the wedding morning dawned clear and hot, the old saying, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," kept singing itself in my heart as I went early to give my wedding gift to my bride. She was in the garden, Nell told me, so I strolled out after her, calling, "Dorothy! Dorothy!" as I went along. No answer came, but I had not a thought of misfortune, everything looked so bright. At last I came to that old summer-house, where on the evening which seemed, in the happy present, half a lifetime ago, I had first seen Dorothy in that deep sleep I had since learned to dread. I looked in, half unthinkingly, never for one moment expecting to find her there; but what was my horror to see her sitting in exactly the position I now remembered only too well, perfectly unconscious, her dark lashes lying against her pale cheeks, and her hands lying on her knee, tightly clasped round a bunch of white roses she had evidently

just gathered! I went softly in, slipped my arm round her neck, and bent down to kiss her lips and wish her a happy wife. Oh, God! I fell back with a cry; the lips I kissed were perfectly cold! I kissed her again and again, I held her poor, cold little hands in my warm ones, and pressed her against my breaking heart. All in vain. This was a deeper sleep than any . . . A sleep from which she might never be awakened! This was the way of escape of which Vane had spoken, and of which Dorothy was forbidden to tell. . . . She had died on her wedding day, true to the last, but not strong enough, poor child, to break the deadly chain Vane's malignant power had cast over her.

THE END.

THE LIBRARY.

"THE LADY OF CAWNPORE," by Frank Vincent and Edmund Lancaster, is a romance that links the Occult East with the New East, inasmuch as the scene shifts from New York to Benares. The hero is a young clergyman, Marmaduke Allen, who is betrothed to one of his parishioners, a girl of birth and position. His religious faith is crushed by the combined influences of occultism, agnosticism and Pantheism, and he loses his fiancée, Beatrice Orme, through the tactics of Dr. Billington (his father's executor) who desires her for his son. The narrative is frequently interrupted by religio-philosophical dissertations.—New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company, 18 and 20 Astor Place.

An able, aggressive writer, justly in love with the State of Minnesota, and rather excessively severe on the "effete" city of New York, is Franklyn W. Lee, author of "Senator Lars Erikson." The crusade against "society" is becoming a mass of platitudes which leave false and undiscriminating impressions when they leave any; and this clever plot-builder should leave it to be finished by inferior writers. His literary talents will be wasted in iconoclasm.—New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company, 18 and 20 Astor Place.

"The Hidden City," by Walter H. McDougall, is graphic, pleasant and well-plotted. Withal, it has many passages of deep, intense character-sketching; it shows much acquaintance with the very abstruse science of lost peoples and prehistoric conditions, especially beliefs and forms of superstition. If H. Rider Haggard does not bestir himself, the hidden cities of the New World will be preempted. If the airship becomes a reality, the author of "The Hidden City" will have no trouble—beyond a few scratches or broken bones on the rock-ribbed and jagged Cordilleras—in finding an Atzlan every month. Even with the balloon he uses in the present voyage, Mr. Walter H. McDougall has "unearthed" a most charming heroine in Lela. To the American taste that designs this column, she, as a prehistoric heroine, is already out of the race with Lela. Success to Mac—New York: Cassell Publishing Company, 104 and 106 Fourth avenue.

A book which is a perfect little gem in every respect has just been published by the Catholic Publication Society Company, 9 Barclay street, New York. "The Blessed Sacrament and the Church of St. Martin at Liege," by Dean Cruls. It is translated from the French by permission of M. de la Doubray, Bishop of Liege, by Rev. William S. Preston, of the archdiocese of New York. The English is chaste, simple and scholarly.

Do you wish to read in graphic and accurate detail the wonderful story of the growth and development of the United States? If so, you cannot afford to neglect "Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth," by Hubert Howe Bancroft. The fifth volume, containing historical character sketches of Collis P. Huntington, Alvan N. Towne, the Vanderbilts and the Amesos, has just been issued.—San Francisco: The History Company.

Between the atheist who says there is no God, and the Christian who says there is an omnipotent intelligent Creator who was, is and will be eternal, the Pantheist has from time immemorial tried to edge his way in to settle their dispute by saying everything is God. This is the attitude of Dr. Paul Carus in "The Soul of Man" and "Fundamental Problems."—Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

RHEUMATISM

neuralgia,
and sciatica

can always be
successfully treated
with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A cure
is sure to follow
the persistent
use of this
medicine.

Has Cured Others
will cure you.

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NEW NORTH ASIA.



THE maps of the common school geographies of forty years ago are a curiously interesting study. It is worth any man's while to find them and compare them with the pictures of the world's surface which are now coming from the map-publishing houses. The great changes which are in this manner so strikingly illustrated offer something like a probable forecast of others which must, sooner or later, come; but the real changes are not clearly indicated by the maps. These, for instance, give the nominal or ascertained geographical boundaries of Russia in Europe, but do not and cannot say anything of its hidden political boundaries. They tell nothing of its advance, if it is making any, toward the fulfillment of Russia's traditional ambition—the dream which has controlled its foreign policy since the days of Peter the Great. Napoleon's prophecy that within a century Europe would be all Republican or all Copack may be, in part, responded to by the alterations of the maps required since he spoke. The consolidation and greater freedom of Germany; the reconstruction and increased strength of Austria-Hungary; the young States carved out of the old provinces of Turkey; the supposed better vigor of the Scandinavian States and Denmark—all these, with England's hand still inside of the Turkish glove, which is to be seen upon the map at the Bosphorus, may make the Russian boundaries something more than a line upon the paper; but it is said to be the opinion of Prince Otto von Bismarck, for instance, that they are very little more.

The eastern boundary, ancient and irrevocable, of Russia in Europe strikes the eye at once. The Ural Mountains and River and the Caspian Sea will remain where they are. Beyond their line, however, both the old maps and the new are all at sea. There are long mountain ranges reaching across the continent to the eastern sea-shore, and they seem to serve even now as barriers protecting regions and States south of them. They may become permanent boundaries, or they may not; but the disappearance of the old-time Tartar States, so vaguely put down in the old atlases, presents a suggestion of distrust. But for the Hindu Koosh, the Thian Shan and the Altai ranges, there would seem to be no southern boundaries of the new Russia in Asia. It is the prevalent idea among well-informed Englishmen, especially East Indian Englishmen, that Russian ambition is seeking passes through all ranges, and would make the mountains indicated, and others, even, as are the Urals, a succession of fences between fields of her own.

Turkey, India, China and Japan, with Persia and the Afghans as doubtful auxiliaries, are the Asiatic powers now operating in a sort of forced alliance to establish the map of the future upon something like the outlines now presented to the children in our common schools. Much of Europe, outside of Russia, is supposed to be a party to the alliance. The people of the United States are distant observers of whatever may come to pass, and to them a new idea is beginning to present itself with increasing distinctness.

Our former conceptions of Russia east of the Urals was that it consisted mainly of Siberia, a kind of horrible Russian Botany Bay, into which all Russians, who were suspected of displeasing the Czar, were mercilessly banished. There the snow lies all the year round. There the cold forests arise from half-frozen mud, between vast reaches of desert plain, and there the unhappy exiles dig for quicksilver, until they die of starvation or under the knout.

To the realities of Russian tyranny on the one hand, and to the enterprise of travelers and of the publishers of American magazines and journals on the other, is due the fact that we know a great deal more than we did, even a few months or years ago. We can see that something new is under processes of development and formation in a vast region, which is in reality rich in material resources. If we still call it Russia-in-Asia, it has endless forests of valuable timber; mines of all metals in inexhaustible profusion; agricultural capacities hitherto almost unsuspected; many varieties of climate, instead of one prevailing chilly dampness or withering frost. There is, among the population of this region, no unity of race, nor of religion, nor of political traditions, nor of accustomed political organism. They are simply held down under a government of which they form no part, in which they have no sentimental interest, but from which they are continually receiving great benefit, even in the form of pressure, which is all but unendurably oppressive. This government, exercised from St. Petersburg, is in the nature of a mechanical force. Its power and work are vast, however defective may be the methods and appliances of its working. It is perceptibly strained at all points in a degree which is indicated rather than measured by the extremely delicate and doubtful standing of Russian Government bonds upon all the money markets.

At a first glance the Russian governing mechanism in Asia seems to be altogether military and repressive within the boundary lines, and military and threatening, if not absolutely aggressive, all along the lines. It is everywhere in uniform and armed. Its declared purpose is the creation and perpetration of Russian empire; but that this should be the actual result is one of the impossibilities of the future. The necessities of the declared purpose cause the building of railway and telegraph lines; of roads, bridges, factories, depots; the encouragement of agriculture; the growth of towns and villages; the bringing into acquaintanceship and relation of communities heretofore utterly detached. The people of America are familiar with State constructive processes, and know, without assistance, what all this means. It is the "plant" of a new State, and it

must be eventually employed as such. The process of its development will probably go on in an increasing ratio, but a few years more or less are of small account. Of much more importance is the inquiry as to how many intelligent Russians and Jews are soon to be torn from their homes and sent beyond the Urals, full of heart-burn.

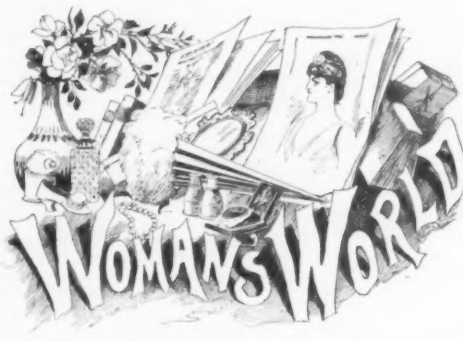
The mechanism of control, and even its military character, render of less importance the lack of unity in the human materials now and hereafter to be made use of. Self government need not be waited for, as among American communities proposing State organization. All that is required is the arrival of a political opportunity, and of the man fitted to employ it. A strong hand and a ruling brain will yet grasp the idea so persistently preparing, and there will follow nothing but a preordained separation, along the Ural line, of two great areas which have no natural joining. It is to be hoped that this will not take place prematurely, for there are great prospective gains to all the world in the full preparatory development of New North Asia. The breaking down of Czarism, however, is regarded by European statesmen as one of the sure prophecies of the immediate future.

The present Czar has added all the Jews in the world to its other and irreconcilable enemies, at the very time when the unveiling of the Siberian atrocities of his administration was stirring the hot indignation of all civilized men and women, and creating everywhere sympathetic friends of his dreaded Nihilists. It is not with hope, nevertheless, but with foreboding, that an Austrian politician, for instance, would look forward to a result which would at once release not only all the southern Asiatic powers and England, but Russia herself, from a pressure which is now becoming painful.

The strength of Russia lies west of the Urals, and if that empire were relieved of the constant strain and drain of its Asiatic fungus, its power for other work would be dangerously increased. There is no assurance that the aggressive ambition which is Russia's would perish with the abandonment of a mere theatrical property. If the Czar, the autocracy, were to be retired, there would still be Loris Melikoff, or rather Czar Peter, in one uniform or another. England's aggressive ambition, for the sake of illustration, has been found sufficiently disconnected from the theatrical properties of royalty. The stage effect produced by Disraeli's clever invention of the Empress of India was well understood to be for Oriental uses and not for Saxons; but its very employment enabled men to separate England, the power, from anything ornamental which that power might choose to be adorned with. Russia, the power, may cast off its Czar-autocracy—at any time, but there is no promise in that idea of any change which will make the small Danubian States more secure, nor Constantinople, nor even Greece.

On the other hand, a State organism undertaking the building of New North Asia would have enough to do behind its mountain ranges for many a generation. The passes of the Hindu Koosh, the Thian Shan and the Altai, would be threaded by railway tracks, as are the passes of our Rockies, but no regiments would march through, and no fortifications would be needed at either end. As to other results, a century might do for vast areas now unpeopled very much what has been done in half that time for the region set down upon these same old school atlases as "the great American desert."

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



SOME imported gowns of last week are worthy of mention.

One of ivory-white satin, having a plain-gored and pointed skirt, cut *en train*, bordered by a narrow edging of gold in a delicate Grecian design, each of the seams of the skirt having a trimming of tiny gold cord laid over them. The bodice was cut in the square-necked shape, and folded into a girde of gold, with a deep, pointed fringe, back and front. The low, bebe-style neck is edged with a narrow, gold cord, that ties in a big tasseled bow just behind the left shoulder. The sleeves are of gold-starred chiffon, and are wound round and round the arm and fastened at the wrist with golden bands.

Another of fine baby-blue gauze, with sprays of lily-of-the-valley in cream silk, made over baby-blue surah silk. The bodice is V-shaped, over a skeleton waist of the silk, and gathered under a pointed girde of baby-blue velvet, which fastens at the left, in front, with long loops and ends of two-inch-wide velvet ribbon, the girde and ribbon being embroidered in lilies-of-the-valley in cream silk. The gauze skirt hangs straight and full from the girde over the underskirt, which is gored in front and side breadths, and has a full, round train, and is finished with three tiny ruffles whose edges are embroidered in lilies-of-the-valley in cream silk. The sleeves are of the gauze, full and high on the shoulders, and fall straight to the wrist, where they are clasped by bands of the embroidered velvet, from which falls a full frill of baby-blue chiffon, having the edge finished in lilies-of-the-valley in cream silk. Midway between the shoulder and the elbow

an inch-wide embroidered velvet ribbon is tied round the sleeves and ends in long loops and ends. The neck of the bodice is finished with a full frill of the embroidered chiffon, which extends into the girde at the waist.

The following exquisite work of art, by Felix, was worn by the hostess at a *vingtième siècle* afternoon reception. A gown of pale lavender satin in the shade that verges to pink. The long skirt was made in corseleted fashion, and was worn over a puffed tulle bodice in pink; it was embroidered in gold on the front, and was trimmed about the bottom with a ruche of pink ostrich feathers.

Green is a color which has lost none of its popularity; on the contrary, it comes in a greater variety of shades than ever, this season; and among the latest Paris importations in stylish costumes for fall wear is a charming gown of olive-green camel-hair cloth, the waist with jacket front and slashed basque, braided with silk braid of a darker shade of green than the color of the gown; "bouffant" vest of olive-green silk, embroidered with tiny green rosebuds, just showing a tip of pink, high collar braided and edged with green "Marabout" trimmings; long, tight cuffs, braided and buttoned over "Marabout" trimming around the wrists. The skirt is slightly draped in front, and braided around the bottom a quarter of a yard deep as far as the back breadths, which hang plain.

There is another gown of dull green cloth, with a long coat bodice of deep green velvet, and having a vest of cloth let into the velvet, and embroidered exquisitely in gold and pale blue—the very Frenchiest taste, you see. The sleeves were of cloth with deep, embroidered cuffs.

A stylish visiting gown is of cloth in the most delicate shade of gray, with jet trimmings, a part of which is long strand fringe of silk and jet, reaching the full length of the skirt, in side panels. Half of the bodice, the depth of a peasant waist, is thickly studded with jet nail heads, and the waist is finished with a girde of almost solid jet.

Another handsome costume is exquisite in its simplicity. It is of ashes-of-roses broadcloth, bordering on old-rose in tone, and is trimmed generously with sable fur. The coat bodice is long, and has large gathered sleeves confined at the wrists by cuffs trimmed with fur. It is exceedingly full in the skirt, and hangs off the hips in deep, graceful folds. A high rolling collar of fur tapers to the waist, and the bottom of the coat is decorated with a band of fur.

A decidedly "fetching" gown is this, and one which will be sure of popular favor. It is made of fine claret-colored cloth, and is trimmed with gold embroideries and Astrakhan fur. The skirt has a narrow border of the glossy black fur about its edge, and above this is an arabesque pattern of embroidery, which is worked out in gold and black threads. The very long coat waist is of the claret cloth, and is lined throughout with claret silk. The high collar of the cloth is richly embroidered in gold and black, and it is faced with Astrakhan fur. Across the shoulders and down the front of the coat are heavy arabesque embroideries in gold and black, and the sleeves, which are high on the shoulders, and close at the wrists, have pointed designs at their tops and bottoms, embroidered in black and gold. All the edges of the coat and the bottoms of the sleeves are finished with an inch-wide band of Astrakhan fur.

Flower capotes are still worn; one, for instance, is composed of three Greek bands of pink heather, joined together at the back under a bow of black velvet.

The sleeves of all the best gowns are very long, and rolled back from the wrist in mediæval fashion.

There is some pretty enameled jewelry made to imitate rosettes and bows of narrow ribbon. The rosettes are rather formal and stiff looking, but some of the bows are very good, and represent successfully satin ribbon. They are worn in lace or mousseline jabots, and sometimes placed in black lace flings on hats. But for the moment everything Russian is in great vogue, especially the jewelry, consisting of real cabochins set in chased silver.

Most of the prettiest shirts now worn are full in the front, gathered at the neck, the fullness confined at the waist by a corselet laced in front. A double frill, fully gathered down the front, the collar high and stiff. Some of them are gathered at the yoke and waist in small tucks, with a silk handkerchief knotted in front. Others have a velvet shallow-pointed yoke at the shoulder, the corselet the same shade as the waist, the sleeves of the pagoda form at the wrist. Some are made of alternate stripes of gathered silk and insertion, sleeves and all. Others again look like a low bodice, with a full under bodice to the throat of a contrasting shade, the sleeves puffed to the elbow, and then tight.

The more quaint and fantastic tea-jackets are the better. They are made in plain silk and brocade, with waist frills. High sleeves, and generally with a full plaited collar, or deep lace on the shoulder, with many ribbons; the sleeves sometimes double, one tight, and the other *à la Juive*. Cream ground silk, with floral boquets, is a most favorite material for tea-jackets.

Materials with broad, shaded stripes are again appearing as novelties, and when the colors are well selected and blended the effect is highly pleasing. Rust-brown and olive, shaded or an *écru* ground, is one of the most remarkable mixtures yet seen.

The amount of fruit carried on the bonnets is something extraordinary.

A milk bath means a beautiful complexion and luxury. Here is a mock milk bath that is almost as beneficial to the skin as pure milk. Make a dozen or more bags of cheese cloth about a foot square. Fill them with oatmeal and pure white castile soap shaved fine—two-thirds oatmeal and one-third soap. Add a little borax and some powdered orris root, and tie up the bags securely. One bag in ten gallons of water makes a delightfully refreshing bath and the skin like velvet.

The fan-shaped sachet is a novelty.

One of New York's well-known society women whistles for her maid when she wants her.

Women lobbyists? There are quite a number of them. They are women of all sorts—innocent young girls, mature matrons, coquettes, designing dowagers, Congressmen's wives, daughters, friends, sweethearts. A majority of them are poor creatures with claims on other poor creatures, looking for Congressional help in their search for Government situations. Probably there are not more than two or three professional women lobbyists in town—women who sell their services to whoever will buy. The woman as a lobbyist is a failure in Washington in this day and generation. The statesman of to-day is too worldly—"too fly," the female lobbyist herself would say—to be caught in her meshes.

"Women are in great demand nowadays for serving legal papers," remarked a lawyer the other day. "Almost all the law firms employ a man solely to serve papers; but often the server runs up against some individual whom it is impossible for him to get at. Women are especially hard to serve. I had a case the other day in which I spent a great deal of money and was very much annoyed by the delay caused by my man's failure to serve a female defendant in a case where personal service was necessary. One of my clerks said that he thought he could have the paper served. Sure enough, he came back the next day with an affidavit of service, and told me that a young woman friend served the paper. Since then, whenever I have a difficult case of that kind, I call the young woman to my assistance. The most suspicious debtor will not for a moment suspect a woman with having clandestine designs against him, and a well-dressed female can easily gain admittance where it would be impossible for a man to enter."

A singular ladies' club has recently been formed at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. It comprises ladies between twenty and forty years, who have made a vow never to marry, and they have to pay an annual subscription of fifty dollars. Should a member at a later period wish to marry, she has to pay a fine of five hundred dollars to the club. The club meets in the villa of a wealthy lady, where it has two exceedingly well-furnished rooms—one a reading, the other a dining-room, which latter also does duty as a billiard-room. The club takes the principal German papers, but novels are not allowed. The members of the club wear a special costume, consisting of a black dress, black kerchief, black gloves and cuffs. Of the club's funds, which have been considerably increased by several donations, one-third is used for recreation, such as parties and excursions (of course without gentlemen), another third for a woman's charity, and one-third for building of a separate clubhouse. The Frankfort Club is formed on the same lines as one in Berlin, called the "Society of the Emancipated."

It is given on authority based on factory reports, that one hundred thousand women and girls in America earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

In some large dress and mantle-making establishments in England, the workers are employed fifty-nine hours a week. Apprentices pay a premium of ten dollars, and give two years' time. Ordinary hands are paid from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars a week, the average being about two dollars, to obtain which twelve hours a day have to be occupied, with many periods of overtime, which is not always paid for. The sewers of this country fare better, as regards wages and time, though living expenses are much higher; but, knowing how others are paid, often sweetens our own hard lot.



Floral jewelry—Harebells.

The severe rule that obliged female clerks in the Savings Bank Department of the English post-offices to make good at the end of the day any delay that might have occurred at the time of their arrival, has lately been rescinded. Hitherto not so much as five minutes' grace has been allowed.

Here is a story of an original and thrifty maiden. For many years she hoarded the envelopes of all the letters she received, and when she had accumulated enough for her purpose, she papered the walls of her bedroom with them. The letters were from all manner of people and all manner of places. And thus the young lady kept ever before her eyes reminiscences—pleasant or painful, amusing or harrowing—of all her dearest friends. Her love-letters she used for a dado, with the signatures cut off, of course.

A woman's pocket defies the cleverest pickpocket nowadays, and yet the woman carries her purse in her hand. The trouble is she cannot find the pocket herself.

A fashion item says: "Velvet collars are considerably worn." So they are; especially those of some of last year's overcoats.

To the recent exploits of women explorers must be added the adventures of Mrs. Littledale, who accompanied her husband, an Englishman, on a two years' journey to Central Asia, during which they visited the Pamir plateau.

Very delicate and beautiful knitting-work has been produced by the women of the Shetland Islands. A long shawl that weighed only two ounces and three-quarters was sold last year for seventy-five dollars. The finest wool is obtained by ruing—pulling out the fleece by the root from the live sheep.

There are now one hundred and twenty incorporated women's clubs in the Federation of Clubs, of which Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown is president.

By the fall fashions, nearly all the tailor dresses for general wear have two substantial pockets, one on each side.

Mrs. Hetty Green is said to be the wealthiest woman in the United States, with a fortune of forty million dollars. Miss Elizabeth Garrett comes next, with an estate worth twenty million dollars.

Velvet ribbon is used a great deal, and the butterfly bows are high, stiff and straight.

French ladies are taking to cycling.

Felt hats have the brims fluted in fanlike bunches, or pressed in fine, straight crimping all round. The crowns vary. Many are quite high.

The employment of women in pharmacy is receiving general attention abroad.

A jeweler who knows, says that at a "drawing-room" Queen Victoria wears at least seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry.

There are twenty-three widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers who still draw pensions, though the last male survivor died long ago.

Fancy vestings, with dark ground, patterned with spots or dashes of bright color, are gaining in favor.

Miss Cornwallis West has forty-five pairs of driving-gloves.



Floral jewelry—Sloe blossoms.

A Jewish organ offers advice to its feminine readers in these words: "Every Jewish young woman should resolve to dress plainly, and thus treble her chances of getting married within the year."

New flannel petticoats, sold ready-made in the drygoods stores, are fitted to linen yokes, and the narrow skirts half covered with cream-silk embroidery.

Green is still the color rage of Paris for outdoor wear. Only sixteen hundred women in Boston want to vote at the school election this year, out of the eight thousand a year ago.

Miss Frances Cunningham, of Memphis, Tenn., owns and manages a smithy and wagon manufacturing and repair shop. She can do anything, from lifting up a horse's foot and nailing on a shoe, to putting together the newly-manufactured parts of a carriage, road cart or wagon.

Capes that reach to the knee and have an air of great comfort, are imported for autumn and winter cloaks. They are very full and round, giving the effect of great breadth, are moderately high on the shoulders, and are belted in behind.

The mother of General Boulanger is still alive. She is a Welsh woman and is living in Paris. She is eighty-six years old and is not of too sound a mind.

Some of the new bonnets have very wide strings, which are cut with rounded ends and fringed. When tied, they look almost like a scarf.

In Holland, at every railroad crossing, stands a woman waving the signal flag of danger as your train passes. Railroad officials will tell you that no accident has ever been caused by a watchwoman's carelessness. And the reason? Because the women never get drunk, say the officials. Yet they receive only eight dollars a month, about half the amount a man would be paid for doing the same work.

SPECIAL OFFER TO LADIES.

The following prizes will be given to ladies who send in the best essays, or articles, of about one thousand words each, upon the following subjects:—

HOME NEEDLE WORK.

A COMPLETE SET OF DICKENS in six Royal Octavo Volumes, substantially bound with compressed English cloth, spring back casing and highly ornamented with gold laid side stamps.

FANCY NEEDLE WORK.

A COMPLETE SET OF THACKERAY in eight gorgeously bound Royal Octavo Volumes, 700 pages each; profusely illustrated with several hundred full-page character sketches.

HOW A WOMAN CAN EARN A LIVING.

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD in two Folio Volumes, printed on highly finished paper, and bound in an attractive and durable manner.

HOW TO FURNISH A HOME ON TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

A COMPLETE SET OF GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS in three volumes, of 800 pages each, bound in cloth, library style, with gilt sides and back, printed in large type.

HOW TO DRESS TASTEFULLY ON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS A YEAR.

A COMPLETE SET OF BULWER'S WORKS bound in nine Royal Octavo Volumes, marble edges and spring back binding.

HOW TO WIN A HUSBAND.

A COPY OF MOORE'S OR BYRON'S POEMS.

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

A SET OF CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS in six Royal Octavo Volumes, full gilt sides and back.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

A COMPLETE SET OF CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA corrected and revised to date, in eight Royal Octavo Volumes, containing about 7,000 pages; 40 superb colored Maps, embracing all the great countries of the world; 10,000 appropriate illustrations; 40,000 distinct subjects; 12,045,000 words.

Answers must be sent in before December 5th, addressed, "Editor *ONCE A WEEK*, 521 West 13th Street, New York City." The awards will appear in the Christmas number, and the prize essays published.

THE DICKENS CONTEST.

THE answers sent in by the following persons have been all judged so excellent that we gladly publish their names: Mrs. Roth Bennett, Onarga, Iroquois County, Ill.; Jennie Stock, southwest corner Fourth and Walnut street, Carman, N. Y.; Florence Workman, Hannibal, Marion County, Mo.; Mary P. Woodward, 139 Main street, Danielsonville, Conn.; George Bagg, 1826 Fifteenth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. H. E. Swift, 207 North Eleventh street, Nebraska City, Neb.; Arise A. Kenney, Lake City, Wathaska County, Minn.; Mrs. W. H. Willard, Manistux, Mich.; Maria V. Marshall, Orange, Orange County, Va.; Mrs. A. L. Miller, Vancouver, Wash.; Jennie S. Velinam, 129 East Seventy-third street, New York City; Mrs. Joe Larson, Ninth street, Fargo, N. Dak.; Mrs. E. T. Sheffry, 1107 Taylor street, Lynchburg, Va.; Lillie E. Brinkerhoff, 112 Front street, New York; Evelyn Cargill, 1020 Third avenue, Columbus, Ga.; Christopher Epworth, 59 Wall street, New York City; Anne Cleveland Cheney, 30 Summer street, Dorchester, Boston, Mass.; Nellie Barber, Sparta, Randolph County, Ill.; F. A. Gremong, Muscagee, Indian Territory; Ida Kohn, 1540 Mississippi avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; Lizzie Bagley, 276 Lexington avenue, East Boston, Mass.; Mrs. J. N. Gremong, Muscagee, Indian Territory; Margaret A. Guldin, Minersville, Schuylker County, Penn.; Mrs. Laura M. Burnes, Pomona, Cal.; Mrs. Lon W. Anderson, Sardis, Panola County, Miss.; Grace H. Loring, 17 Hill street, San Francisco, Cal.; Mary Albert-bury, West Union, Ia.; Arthur Broughton, 40 Gray's Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; Ackland Salisbury, Plattsburg, Neb.

QUOTATION CONTEST.

THE competitors in this contest are required to send in, according to their individual judgment, the most popular quotations in the works of the authors indicated. Those desiring to enter this contest should read the following rules carefully, as any competitors whose answers do not meet these conditions will be excluded from the contest without notice.

The following prizes will be given respectively to the three persons sending in the three best all-round lists:

First Prize—A complete set of Scott's Novels, in eight volumes, beautifully illustrated, bound in English cloth, with full gilt side stamps.

Second Prize—A complete set of Bulwer's Novels, bound in nine royal octavo volumes, marble edges and spring back binding.

Third Prize—A complete set of Lever's Novels, in six royal octavo volumes, full gilt sides and back.

The Contest Editor reserves the right of awarding a limited number of extra prizes to those whose lists merit such recognition. The decision of the Contest Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgment can be entertained. All answers must be written in ink, on the blank form printed on another page of this paper, and should be enclosed in an envelope addressed, Editor *ONCE A WEEK*, 521 West Thirteenth street, New York City, with the word "Contest" conspicuously written in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. Envelopes so addressed will not be opened until the close of the contest, so that all letters in connection with the contest which do not contain lists should not have this addition. In all cases where a reply is required a properly stamped and addressed envelope should be inclosed. All inquiries must be made by mail. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. No queries will be answered in the paper, and the editors cannot receive calls from competitors in regard to these contests. The contest is open to all readers of *ONCE A WEEK*, but a person is allowed to send but one list in competition for the prizes. Where two or more members of the same family send in lists, each must be mailed in a separate envelope. On every list the name and post-office address of the sender must be written in full. Competitors are requested to bear in mind that it is quite unnecessary for any note of explanation or otherwise to accompany lists. Under no circumstance should any sort of communication be inclosed in the same envelope with the list. Competitors who for any reason send duplicate lists are requested to mark them as such. All lists must be sent so that they shall be received on or before January 1, 1892. No list can be corrected or amended by letter after it is sent. The names of the prize-winners, with their answers, will be published as soon thereafter as a decision is reached. Should two or more persons fill the blanks with the same answers as the prize-winner, each will receive a similar prize. We cannot undertake to return lists which, for any reason, are not noticed, and to this rule we can make no exception.

The questions are as follows:

1. The most popular quotation in Dickens's Works.
2. The most popular quotation in Scott's Works.
3. The most popular quotation in Thackeray's Works.
4. The most popular quotation in Byron's Works.
5. The most popular quotation in Burns's Works.
6. The most popular quotation in Moore's Works.
7. The most popular quotation in Tennyson's Works.
8. The most popular quotation in Longfellow's Works.

Answers to the QUOTATION CONTEST, as described above, must be written on this blank or on a sheet of paper to be attached to this blank. Write the answers, cut out the blank, and mail to "Editor *ONCE A WEEK*, 521 West Thirteenth street, New York," on or before January 1, 1892, giving name and address in full, and with the word "Contest" plainly written on left side of envelope.

1—

2—

3—

4—

5—

6—

7—

8—

Signature

Address

CURIOUS OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

OUR readers will be surprised, no doubt, to find right here in New York as odd a list of occupations as ever Dickens discovered in his peregrinations around London. Queer trades and queerer livelihoods revealed by the great novelist are supposed to be exaggerations, or else as existing only in the great English metropolis known as the modern Babylon. But in the adoption of means to ends, the women of Gotham have hit upon several novel and ingenious ways of making a legitimate living. For example, there are some new "occupations" recently opened by women to which, though little is ever heard of them, attention may be directed on account of their peculiarities.

For example, there are many women in this great city who make a fair living by doctoring people's faces—that is to say, they are artists versed in the niceties of the make-up. The individual who has been out with "the boys" the night before shows up, perhaps, with a black eye, a peeled nose or a bad bruise. It is the business of this artist to disguise all these signs of dissipation and general "rockiness." So, the black eye is fixed, the nose is covered over, and the cheeks resume their pristine loveliness. Thus many an unfortunate escapes embarrassing explanations. There are several hundred women who make a goodly income by trading on the weaknesses, vanities and superstitions of their fellows. First in this list should surely come the swarm of astrologers, clairvoyants and fortune-tellers. In New York and other large cities they have ever done a thriving trade, and most of them make a great deal of money. It is surprising the number of people, not suspected of being ignorant or credulous, who go to the professional "seer" for instruction and advice. These female fakirs masquerade under such odd and fanciful names as "The Gypsy Queen," "Madame Zingara," "Professoress Rudolph," "Mrs. Brown," who "reveals the future," or "Mrs. Wright," who "tells everything," and so on. Some of them make "business, love and marriage a specialty;" others boldly claim to be wonderfully gifted trance and healing mediums, and others, again, advertise themselves as "hand, card and planet readers." Few there are who will not offer (for a consideration) to show her future husband or his future bride. Now, there is something attractive in the assurance of mystic power to bring order out of chaos, love out of hate, happiness out of trouble, kisses out of sighs, success out of failure. For some reason or other, clairvoyants charge the sterner sex double price; but where is the hard-hearted and soft-headed man who would not pay a small sum for such an experience?

A very different calling is that of the dermatologist. She trades on the vanities of her sex. She is expected to make wrinkles and crow's-feet disappear, to round out hollow cheeks, to renovate aged and decayed beauties, to give expression to plain faces. Under the magic manipulations of these necromancers, hands and cheeks are filled out and their whole contour changed. Akin to this occupation is that of ladies' barbers, who remove superfluous hairs from society women.

The hair colorist has a very wide and profitable field. Hundreds of women fancy that Nature has made a mistake in coloring their hair. So they go to dyeing parlors, where they hope to rectify the supposed mistake of Dame Nature.

Oddly enough, old women try, by using pigments, to hide their age, while young women have their hair colored to appear matronly. Of late years the fashionable color has inclined towards a yellow tint, ranging all the way from floss silk to the deepest auburn. So we find that Art has supplied woman's needs; and if Nature has been unkind, they may obtain from one of their artistic compatriots (for a consideration) a new complexion, a charming figure, perfect teeth, and a contour so exquisite that all fall down and worship at so fair, though false, a shrine.

A year or so ago a lady started in New York a doll-making and a doll-dressing school. She gives lessons to children in the cutting out of the bodies of dolls and the making of their underwear and dresses. Her doll-school is a new idea that caught the fancy of the "little mothers," who thus learn indirectly the first principles of dress-making.

A Ladies' Guide and Visitor Bureau fills a long-felt want in New York City. Any lone and unprotected female can now go to the Bureau and hire an escort. Thus she is independent; the chaperone will meet her at the station or steamer, will accompany her to the theater or opera, will do errands and shopping, will attend to dress-makers, milliners, etc. A message to the Bureau may read: "Have a chaperone and two tickets for such and such a play on arrival of 7:30 train at the Grand Central."

Another one of the institutions of New York are the "pet hotels," or hospitals, in which a family pet—a bird, a dog, or the much loved Grimalkin is lodged, boarded, doctored and cared for. These hospitals give employment to a number of poor gentlewomen, who find a congenial task in ministering to the wants of their fellow-creatures who have no words to thank them for their consideration, but whose dumb thanks are still more pathetic. People going



MISS HANNAH WHITALL SMITH, THE ENGLISH TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

out of town in summer send their domestic pets where they can have attention and care. The charges are, for birds, from fifty to seventy-five cents a week; for cats, one dollar; and dogs range from one to two dollars.

The list of queer occupations of women in Gotham might be extended *ad infinitum*, but the limits of this article will only allow us a little more space to mention one or two more. There is the calling of female marriage brokers. These ladies charge two or three per cent. upon the marriage portion, or dot, as it is called, which the expectant bridegroom has to pay. This genus flourishes in the Italian and French quarters of the city. Then, there are ladies who select *bric-à-brac*, dust valuable porcelain and china, arrange the dinner-table, for wealthy patrons. We have women models in the ateliers, many of them quite modest and shy, although to the uninitiated it would appear that from their very avocation they must of necessity be brazen. The writer knows one or two young girls of perfect figures who obtain fifteen dollars a week as models for leading painters in this city. The ladies in question are the daughters of a deceased artist, and had acted as models to their father. By their combined earnings they contribute to the support of their aged mother in comparative affluence.

We hear that there is to be a special department in the World's Fair devoted to the exhibition of women's handiwork, and we wonder if we shall find any of these curious employments of women represented there.

THE CLASSIC LOTUS.

NO flower can compare with the lotus in antiquity; it is fabled to have been the first created of living things, and from its bosom Brahma sprang, represented with four heads looking to four quarters of the globe. Sir William Jones thus describes his birth:

"A form cerulean fluttered o'er the deep;
Brightest of beings, greatest of the great,
Who, not as mortals sleep
Their eyes in dewy sleep,
But heavenly pensive on the lotus lay,
That blossom'd at his touch, and shed a golden ray.
Hail, primal blossom! hail, empyreal gem!
Kennal or Padma,* or whate'er high name
Delight thee say. What four-formed god-head came,
With graceful stole and beamy diadem,
Forth from thy verdant stem!"

The Japanese deem it the emblem of purity, since it rises unsullied by the muddy waters in which it often grows. The Chinese admire it so much that when they wish to describe something as superlatively beautiful they compare it to the lotus. With them it is the emblem of female loveliness, and from the earliest times it has been associated with Egypt, and was called the rose-lily of the Nile by Herodotus. The Persians represent the sun as—

"Rob'd with light, and lotus crown'd—"

and this flower figures in their funeral processions, being borne before the corpse as a symbol of immortality. In the British Museum are several statues, brought from Egypt, of remote antiquity, in which the scepter is formed

* Sanscrit for lotus.

to represent the lotus, and in the same gallery of antiquities is a mummy with its arms crossed, holding in each hand a lotus flower.

The lotus is of various colors—white, blue and red. The latter is the most esteemed, as its blossoms are larger and more fragrant than the smaller varieties. These flowers are cultivated for something else besides their beauty and fragrance, as its fruit forms quite an important article of diet; travelers describe it as having a more delicate flavor than the almond, and being about the size of a filbert. These seeds are ground into flour and made into bread, and it has been suggested that the well-known quotation from Holy Writ, of "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days," has its origin in the following custom of the Egyptians—of course well-known to the Israelites, who were for so many years in bondage to them. When sowing-time arrived, the seed is carefully inclosed in a little ball of clay and then thrown into the water, which in time produces the flower, the flower the seed, and the seed, bread. In China and Japan it is grown on a large scale for the sake of its seeds and roots, and covers vast lakes with its brilliant and fragrant blossoms.

One peculiarity of the lotus is that it sinks below the surface of the water during the night, rising with the first beams of the rising sun. Tom Moore thus prettily alludes to this in the following lines:

"Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright
When their beloved sun 's awake."

The Indian Cupid, Kamadiva, is depicted as floating down the blue waters of the Ganges seated on a lotus flower, known also by the name of "nelumbo." Edgar Poe thus prettily alludes to Love's floral cradle:

"The nelumbo-bud that floats forever
With Indian Cupid down the holy river."

We find the representation of the lotus forming the capitals of many of the columns of the vast temples of the Hindoos, Chinese and Egyptians; its sacred blossom was deemed emblematical of mystery and secrecy, both of which attributes were much affected by the priests of Isis and of Brahma; and to this day the inhabitants of these countries regard the lotus with feelings of worship and veneration, believing that in its sacred bosom Brahma was born, and the sacred images of the Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese are almost invariably represented as seated upon the leaves of the lotus.

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PERFECTION.

BY WILL FOSTER.

FEET not for Fame, but in Perfection rest,
Seek not the first, but the most excellent:
For thus it proves, when toils and cares have spent,
The first is often second to the best.
With patient spirit and unyielding zest
Toil to complete each daily task, Heaven-sent,
Rather with little ably done content,
Than lost in barren fields of fruitless quest.
For as in every grass and leaf and flower
God's work surpasses man's, so man is next
To God, when, spurning gold and fame and praise,
He takes a daisy as his daily text.
Strives simply, unassumingly, each hour,
To inform with beauty Life's uncomeliest ways.

JADE.

JADE, so highly esteemed by the Chinese and Japanese, and also by the ancient Mexicans, is comparatively little thought of by Europeans, although we have in this material some of the earliest specimens of primitive art. It is excessively hard and difficult to work, notwithstanding which, the Mexicans had discovered some process—to us unknown—to cut it into various elaborate patterns. It is related that the mantle of Montezuma was richly decorated with jade and pearls at his first interview with that robber Cortez. It was possibly additionally valuable to the Aztecs, owing to green being the color appropriated to royalty in ancient Mexico. Their Goddess Esmeralda was propitiated by the faithful with emeralds, and thus the Spaniards were enabled, at one fell swoop, to annex the votive offerings of centuries by seizing upon the accumulated emeralds deposited at the shrine of the goddess. But without going back to the time of the Aztecs, we find the New Zealanders using jade as the ornament *par excellence* of sovereignty, generally formed in the shape of a hook, which was thrust through the lobe of the ear and highly polished—this species was of a semi-transparent green. There was, however, a coarser kind, which they made with incredible labor (owing to the hardness of the material) into weapons of war; and what may appear singular is, that the primitive dwellers of Switzerland must have learnt the art of grinding down this obdurate material, as jade axe-heads have been found along with their other stone implements.

The Chinese value jade above all other precious stones, and the emperor's particular necklace is formed of beads as large as cherries, and of a clear, green color, intermixed with coral, and, as a pendant, a monster ruby.

But it is not only in personal ornament that jade is used; the royal cups, vases and idols are made out of this precious metal, and when a piece of unusual size has been discovered it is customary for the emperor to summon the most celebrated artificers to deliberate upon the shape into which it can be carved to the best advantage, and his suggestion must take the practical form of a submitted sketch. The model being accepted, the lucky engraver receives a handsome salary upon one—somewhat trying—condition; that is, at the completion of his work a jury of experts are summoned, and should they condemn it as inartistic, the wretched artist loses his head; but, seeing that owing to the hardness of the material, anything like an elaborate design would cost the labor of years, any Chinese—the born gamblers of the world—would take the chances of a certain ten or fifteen years' living in clover with the remote contingency of his losing his head from incompetence.

In the British Museum is the most perfect specimen of

carved jade in the world. It is in the shape of an immense tortoise, which was found in the bank of the Jumna, in India, of a fine olive green, and so perfectly delineated that it might readily be mistaken for the emblem of "slow and sure"—the tortoise itself. In the Middle Ages it was believed that amulets in jade possessed the virtue of warding off kidney complaints, and from this came the name of *hijada*, which signifies "kidneys" in Spanish. The Hindoos make handles for their daggers and scimitars of jade, which fetch an immense price.

VITA ET MORS.

AN ETCHING.

FROM the Rue de Rivoli, looking up the Avenue de l'Opera, it seemed, this night, Heaven had loaned her jewels for vain nether earth's adornment. The crowing gem was formed by the Grand Opera building, looming out of the distance like some haloed sentinel guarding the city's entrance. It was enveloped in a thousand changing lights, casting forth their silver and golden rays like a rebellious and riotous army of fire-lilies.

Bordering the avenue of approach to this play-house of men were studded in regularity lesser jewels, nervously sparkling. Like shooting meteors, across the middle, open space, flashed transient stars of cab and carriage, bearing their human freight to an atmosphere where momentary forgetfulness of real life was found as they knelt at the feet of Pleasure. Paris in all her gay garb of night, in the flash and whirl of her famed life—the height of opera season.

The dazzling and mirrored illuminations at the entrance of the Opera reflected the surging movement and fickle existence of a miniature world congregated there, a bowing and polite body, unwittingly struggling in the border mesh of the tangling and holding net of excitement.

Slowly ascending the wide, marbled staircase was a perfect type of woman, pausing a moment to lean over the carved balustrade and smile a recognition to the fortunate below, or perhaps to let those large and sweetly innocent eyes play some unexpressed though none the less active conversation with the infatuated man by her side. Her arm consciously pressed tightly a fleecy lace suggestion—her wrap. To appearance she was one of those living and exquisitely carved sermons of God—a true woman, in whose presence the crude and common qualities of man would be placed in the crucible of influence, and the refined metal, of true character, revealed.

It was the same opera Marie Antoinette had had produced for her old master, Gluck.

They were seated now in a box, she apparently interested in the play and entranced by the music; he, closely, in good form, watching the changing waves of well-acted pleasure, move the lips in smile, or open wider those eyes—innocent-looking eyes—as she bent forward in the study of the seemingly real stage scene before her.

She never saw it. Her thoughts were far from the bewildering lights, jewels and lovely shoulders, to a little tragedy of her own—she called it a delightful comedy. Only three actors on the figurative stage. She—Actor No. 1—knowing well her part, she thinks, in the comedy of "Frvol," for she found pleasure in terming it a comedy. She might not have named it so, nor discarded, as they rose to go, the roses, whose donor was the second actor, the one who had overrated his capabilities, to find

relief in the third actor, or better, agent, the Seine; and at that time, just as her foot crushed the flowers, which gave forth their cry only in a delicate odor, he, the second actor, was cold and very still in the small charnel-house, just facing a tiny patch of green and the dark rear walls of Notre Dame.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

If the clothes which cover the body are damp, the moisture which they contain has a tendency to evaporate by the heat communicated to it by the body. The heat absorbed in the evaporation of the moisture contained in clothes must be in part supplied by the body, and will have a tendency to reduce the temperature of the body in an undue degree, and thereby to produce cold. The effect of violent labor or exercise is to cause the body to generate heat much faster than it would do in a state of rest. Hence we see how, when clothes have been rendered wet by rain or by perspiration, the taking of cold may be avoided by keeping the body in a state of exercise or labor until the clothes can be changed, which in every case should be done as quickly as possible, particularly underclothing, as stockings, vests and shirts; if not, rheumatism will sooner or later set in.

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 He knew how his employer made several hundred daily on the Street.
 A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.
 So he took it and went up the Street and won.
 He got her a sealskin.
 He took more and lost.
 More yet.
 Defalcation discovered.
 He wears the penitentiary check.
 Others are going, too.
 Beware.
 Better is a modest room up two pairs of back-stairs than a cell in a jail.—**Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.**

VARIETIES.

WHEN are acrobats murderers?—When they poise on each other.
 SHE is a queer woman who asks no questions, although the woman who does is the querist.

MUMMIES do not look as though they were in a hurry, yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time.

HAWTHORNE said that Miss Bremer was "a most amiable little woman, worthy to be the maiden aunt of the whole human race."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it "a waste of water."

A BACKWOODS school committee summed up the results of an examination by declaring to the scholars, "You spell'd good an' ciphered fust-rate, but you ha'n't stot still."

THE height of pugilistic sarcasm was reached one day by Jem Mace, who, speaking of a rival accused of beating his wife, said, "What! him? He couldn't lick a postage-stamp."

A GENTLEMAN remarks: "If in our school-days the Rule of Three was proverbially trying, how much harder in after-life do we find the Rule of One!" He has been married only fourteen months.

A LADY, some time back, at the Smithsonian Institute, asked if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

"HOW FAR shall this excruciating uncertainty go, Adelaide, my beloved?" said a gallant young Romeo to his pretty Juliet, the other evening.
 "Go to—father," was the prompt and satisfactory reply.

AN Australian millionaire named Manat, who went from London to live at the antipodes some years ago, died recently at his mansion in Victoria. He was the man who once sent an order to England for a ton of books.

A COMMITTEE was recently appointed to investigate the excessive chastisement of a pupil in a Michigan public school. It reported that the "punishment was not actuated by malice, but occasioned by an undue appreciation of the thickness of the boy's pantaloons."

DURING the reign of Frederick the Great one of the singers of the Berlin opera left clandestinely, in order to return to Italy. The King immediately gave orders to pursue her, as she was arrested on the border. The poor singer, under the guard of some Hussars, was obliged to return to Potsdam, where she was at once conducted before the King. As soon as he saw her, he said: "Madam, why did you leave me?" The poor singer, half dead with fear, could not answer, but threw herself at the feet of the King. "Do not fear anything," said Frederick; "I only wished to take leave of you. Now you can go where you please. Good-bye."

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